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Now Ready. [In One Thick 4to Vol. 25/.

As the many hundreds of illuſtrations are all hand-coloured, the iſſue is neceſſarily limited.

Olde ffrendes
WYTH
newe Faces.
Adorn'd With ſutable SCVLPTVRES.

TABLE of the matter herein contain'd: I.—The louing Ballad of Lord Bateman. II.—A true relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal. III.—The Long Pack: A Northumbrian Tale. IV.—The Sword Dancers. V.—John Cunningham, the Paſtoral Poet. VI.—Ducks & Green Peas, or the Newcaſtle Rider: a Tale in Rhyme. VII.—Ducks & Green Peas: a Farce. VIII.—Andrew Robinſon Stoney Bowes, Eſquire. IX.—The Gloamin' Buchte.

LONDON: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.; Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

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CRAWHALL'S
Chap-book Chaplets.
Adorn'd With ſutable SCVLPTVRES.

TABLE of the matter herein contain'd: I.—The Barkſhire Lady's Garland. II.—The Babes in the Wood. III.—I Know what I know. IV.—Jemmy & Nancy of Yarmouth. V.—The Taming of a Shrew. VI.—Blew-cap for me. VII.—John & Joan. VIII.—George Barnewel.

LONDON: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.; Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

[Over.

Crawhall's Chap-book Chaplets.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Gives an excellent idea of the original mode of illuſtrating Ballads. Likely to become ſcarce."—*Athenæum.*

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"'Chap-book Chaplets,' printed in a comically antique faſhion, & illuſtrated by numerous groteſque imitations of old ballad wood-cuts cleverly drawn by Mr. Joſeph Crawhall, & all coloured by hand."—*Chambers's Journal.*

"No words can convey an adequate idea of its contents * * * Publiſhed at 25 ſhillings, & in courſe of a few years will probably be worth as many pounds."—*The Paper & Printing Trades Journal.*

As the illustrations herein are all hand coloured
the issue is necessarily limited.

Joseph Crawhall

Olde ffrendes
WYTH
newe Faces.

Adorn'd With ſutable *SCVLPTVRES.*

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CIↃ.IↃ.CCC.LXXXIII.

1883 M.M.a.78

LONDON:
Field & Tuer. Simpkin, Marſhall & Co.
Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

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"Goe---, tell your Authors, books are now so stale,
That penny Hist'ries make a better sale."

NICHOLAS BRETON.
(Slightly altered.)

Go
lyteli
bake-
doe
to.

TO THE

Great Variety

OF

READERS

From the moſt able to him

that can but

Spell,

THESE.

TO THE READER.

LITTLE will be found new in this Volume beyond its dress---but Faſhion goes a long way in this world: Faſhion, however, repeats itſelf at intervals, and the coſtumes of our Anceſtors having found much favour in the preſent generation it is hoped that a ſelection from their "auld farrant" Tales & Ballads, may not be unacceptable in revived attire. Should this Volume meet with a favourable reception, others, alike in intereſt & apparel may follow.

J. C.

TABLE

of the Matter herein contain'd

I. THE louing Ballad of Lorde Bateman.
II. A true relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal.
III. The Long Pack: A Northumbrian Tale.
IV. The Sword-Dancers.
V. John Cunningham, the Pastoral Poet.
VI. Ducks & Green Peas, or the Newcastle Rider: a Tale in Rhyme.
VII. Ducks & Green Peas: a Farce.
VIII. Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes ESQUIRE.
IX. The Gloamin' Buchte.

ye louing ballad OF Lorde Bateman

To itte's owne TUNE herein sette ffoorth.

LORDE Gateman Was a noble Lorde,
A noble Lorde, and of high degree—
He ſhip't himſelf all on board of ſhip,
It's ſome foreign countrie he Would go see.

He ſailed Eaſt and he ſailed Weſt,
Untill he came unto faire Turkie,
Where he Was taken and put in priſon,
Until of life he greW quite Wearie.

NoW, in this priſon there greW a tree,
It greW ſae ſtout and it greW ſae ſtrong,
Where he Was chained all by his middle,
Until his life it Was almoſt gone.

This Turke he had an onlie daughter,
The moſt beauteous damſel my eyes did eVer see,
She ſtole the keys of her Father's priſon,
And ſWore Lorde Gateman ſhe Would ſet free.

Haue you got houſes, haue you got lands,
Does half Northumberland belong to thee,
What will you giue to that faire young maiden,
That out of Turkie priſon ſets you free.

Oh, I've got houſes, and I've got lands,
Half of Northumberland belongs to me,
All theſe I'll giue to the fayre young damſel
That out of Turkie priſon ſets me free.

For ſeuen long yeares I will make a vow,
For ſeuen long yeares I will keep it ſtrang,
If you will wed with no other woman,
Its, I will wed with no other man.

And then ſhe brought him a loaf of bread,
And a bottel of the beſt of Wine,
And euery health that ſhe drank unto him
Was—I wish, Lorde Gateman, that you was mine.

"He sailed East
& he sailed West,"

THE SKIPPER.

Then ſhe broke a ring from off her finger,
And to Lorde Gateman one half gave ſhe,
Saying, keepe it to mind you of the love,
The Ladye bore to you that ſet you free.

Then ſhe took him to her Father's harbour,
And gave to him a ſhip of fame:
Farewell, farewell—my deare Lorde Gateman,
I fear I ne'er ſhall ſee thy face again.

Oh, ſet your foot on good ſhip board,
And haſte ye back to your ain countrie,
Before ſeven long yeares ſhall have an end,
Mind, come back again my love, and marry me.

Lorde Gateman turn'd him round about
An' loving look't at that lovely ſhe,
Ere ſeven long yeares ſhall come to an end,
I'll tak' you hame to my ain countrie.

And When he'd come to London Town,
A happie, happie man Was he,
And ladies faire around him thranged,
To Welcome him frae slaverie.

His mother'd lang been i' the mools,
His brothers a' Were deid but he:
His landes Were lying a' aWaste—
In ruins Were his castles tae.

Nae porter stood there at his yett:
Nae creature therein could he see:
Forbye the bats an' screechin' oWls,
There's nane to bear him companie.

But mailins ſune makꝛ caſtles riſe:
He had baith goWd anꝛ jeWels free:
Faire ladies ſtill around him thranged
To cheer him Wiꝛ their companie.

NoW, ſeWen long yeares they are paſt and gane,
And ſore ſhe long'd her true loWe to ſee,
She packed up all her gaie clothing,
And ſWore Lorde Gateman ſhe Would go ſee.

She ſailed Eaſt and ſhe ſailed Weſt
Till to faire Englands ſhore came ſhe,
Where ſhe eſpied a bonnie ſhepherd,
A feeding of his ſheep upon the lea.

What neWs, What neWs, my bonnie ſhepherd,
What neWs haſt thou for to tell to me,
Such neWs I hear, faire maiden dear,
The like Was ne'er in this countrie.

There is a Wedding in yonder hall,
Hark to the ſound of the minſtrelſie,
But young Lorde Gateman he ſlights his bride,
For loVe of one beyond the ſea.

She put her hand intil her pouch,
An' gied him red an' White monie:
Here, tak' ye that my bonnie boy,
For the guid neWs ye tell to me.

And then ſhe Went to Lorde Gatemans caſtle,
And ſo boldly did ſhe ring the bell:
Who's there, Who's there, cried the proud young porter,
Who's there, Who's there, come unto me tell.

is this young Lorde Gatemans caſtle,
And is his Lordſhip here Within,
Give this to him, you proud young porter,
The damſel Waits Who With him broke a ring.

Tell him to ſend me a ſhive of bread,
And a bottel of the beſt of Wine,
And to remember the faire young damſel,
That did releaſe him out of cloſe confine.

AWay, aWay Went the proud young porter:
AWay, aWay, and aWay Went he,
Until he came to Lorde Gatemans preſence,
Where, doWn he fell upon his bended knee.

Oh, I've been porter at your gates,
Its thirty long yeares noW and three,
And there ſtands a ladye at them noW,
The like of her my eyes did neVer ſee.

She has a ring upon every finger,
And upon one of them she has got three,
And as much gold above her brow,
As would buy all Northumberlea.

Its, out then spake the young brides mother,
Aye, and an angry Wife was she,
'Ye might have excepted the bonnie bride
And two or three of our companie.

Lorde Bateman in a passion flew,
And broke his sword into splinters three,
She's ten times fairer than the bride
And all thats in this companie.

Then quickly hied he down the staires,
Of fifteen steps he made but three,
He took his bonnie love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

LOOKE OVTE

Then up and ſpake the young brides mother,
Who ne'er was heard for to ſpeak ſo free,
Its thus you treat my onlie daughter,
Becauſe Sophia ſhe has croſt the ſea.

'I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's ne'er the better nor the worſe for me,
She came to me on her horſe and ſaddle,
She may go home in a coach and three.'

Then he took Sophia by the hand,
And gently led her up and down,
And aye he kiſt her roſy lips,
Saying ye're welcome deareſt to your owne.

An' hae ye ta'en anither bride,
An' had ye quite forgotten me,
An' was the maiden quite out o' mind
That ga'e ye life an' libertie.

She lookit owre her left ſhoulder,
To hide the tear drop in her ee:
Now, fare ye weel my dear Lord Bateman,
I'll try to think nae mair on thee.

Oh, no, no, never, Sophia dear:
Oh ſurely this can never be:
None other Will I Wed but her,
That's dune an' dreed ſae much for me.

Then he prepared another Wedding,
And ſang, With heart ſo full of glee,
'I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Since my own true love has croſt the ſea.

He's ta'en her by the milk-White hand,
An' led her to the Fountain Stane:
He's changed her name frae Sophia,
An' ca'd her his ſweet Lady Jane.

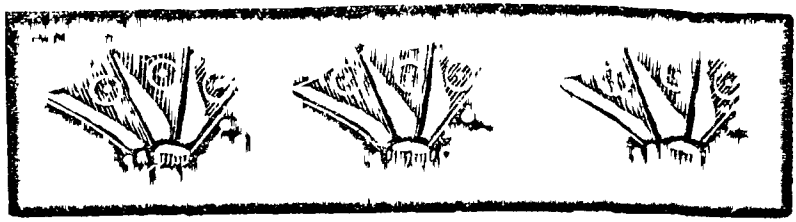
Itſ fye, then, gar our Cooks make readie:
An⁺ fye, gar a⁺ our Pipers play:
An⁺ fye, gar a⁺ our trumpets ſound:
Lord Gateman⁺s tWice Wed in ae daie.

A true Relation of the APPARITION of MRS. VEAL To Mrs. Bargrave.

CIↃ.IↃ.CCC.LXXXIII.

Beholde the Medium yt did firste reveal.
Yt shaddow'd forme of pious Mistris Veale:
Though ffrendes to all, as euerie Childe dooth know,
Itt is agreed, to all he was a 'FOE':
Reade o'er his Historie - judge of itts merrits -
Ande if you wish for more - Ryng for yt Sperrits.

Caulfield Cookt



A true Relation of the

APPARITION

of

MRS. VEAL,

THE NEXT DAY AFTER HER DEATH,

to

MRS. BARGRAVE,

At Canterbury.

Which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the FEARS OF DEATH.

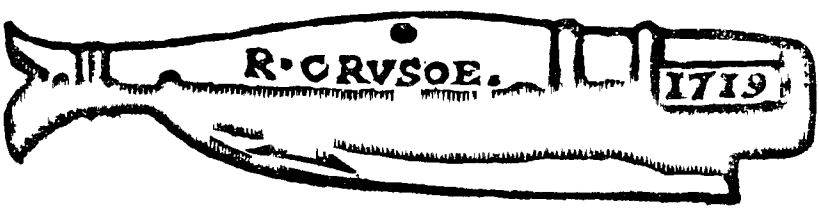
AV
RE-
VOIR.

PREFACE.

THIS relation is matter of fact, and attended with ſuch circumſtances as may induce any reaſonable man to believe it. It was ſent by a gentleman, a juſtice of peace at Maidſtone in Kent, and a very intelligent perſon, to his friend in London, as it is here worded: which diſcourſe is atteſted by a very ſober and underſtanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the ſaid gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the houſe in which the within-named Mrs. Bargrave lives; who

believes his kinswoman to be of ſo diſcerning a ſpirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy; and who poſitively aſſured him, that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is what is really true; and what ſhe herſelf had in the ſame words (as near as may be) from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth, who, ſhe knows, had no reaſon to invent and publiſh ſuch a ſtory, or any deſign to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of much honeſty and virtue, and her whole life a courſe, as it were, of piety. The uſe which we ought to make of it is, to conſider, that there is a life to come after this, and a juſt God, who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body; and therefore, to reflect upon our paſt courſe of life we have led in the world; that our time is ſhort and uncertain; and that if we would eſcape the puniſhment of the ungodly, and receive the reward of the righteous, which

is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought for the time to come, to turn to God by a speedy repentance, ceaſing to do evil, and learning to do well: to ſeek after God early, if happily he may be found of us, and lead ſuch lives for the future as may be well pleaſing in his ſight.



The original, from which the impression of this most interesting relic was taken, may be seen at the Publishers. There cannot exist a doubt that the date carved by Kreutznaer, in his old age, on this, his constant companion during his travels, was commemorative of the first edition of his "Life and Adventures."

A *Wood-cvt.*

RELATION

OF THE

APPARITION OF MRS. VEAL.

THIS thing is ſo rare in all its circumſtances, and on ſo good authority, that my reading and converſation has not given me any thing like it: it is fit to gratify the moſt ingenuous and ſerious enquirer. Mrs. Bargrave is the perſon to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; ſhe is my intimate friend; and I can avouch for her reputation, for theſe last fifteen or ſixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character ſhe

had from her youth, to the time of my acquaintance. Though ſince this relation ſhe is calumniated by ſome people, that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blaſt Mrs. Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the ſtory out of countenance. But the circumſtances thereof, and the chearful diſpoſition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithſtanding the ill uſage of a very wicked huſband, there is not yet the leaſt ſign of dejection in her face: nor did I ever hear her let fall a deſponding or murmuring expreſſion; nay, not when actually under her huſband's barbarity; which I have been witneſs to, and ſeveral other perſons of undoubted reputation.

Now you muſt know, that Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for ſome years laſt paſt, had been troubled with fits; which were perceived coming on her, by her going off from her diſcourse very abruptly, to ſome impertinence: ſhe was

– help me –
beatrix bargrave.

maintained by an only brother, and kept his houſe in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very ſober man to all appearance: but now he does all he can to null or quaſh the ſtory. Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumſtances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, ſo that they were expoſed to hardſhips: and Mrs. Bargrave in thoſe days had as unkind a father, though ſhe wanted neither food nor clothing, whilſt Mrs. Veal wanted for both: inaſmuch that ſhe would often ſay, Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the beſt, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumſtances of life ſhall ever diſſolve my friendſhip. They would often condole each other's adverſe fortunes, and read together "Drelincourt on Death," and other good books; and ſo, like true Chriſtian friends, they comforted each other under their ſorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the Cuſtom-houſe at

Dover, which occaſioned Mrs. Veal by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any ſuch thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at laſt Mrs. Bargrave had not ſeen her in two years and a half; though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been abſent from Dover, and this laſt half year, has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a houſe of her own.

In this houſe, on the eighth of September, viz. 1705, ſhe was ſitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herſelf into a due reſignation to Providence, though her condition ſeemed hard. And, ſaid ſhe, I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I ſhall be ſtill; and am well ſatisfied that my afflictions ſhall end, when it is moſt fit for me: And then took up her ſewing-work, which ſhe had no ſooner done, but ſhe hears a knocking at the door; ſhe went to ſee who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs.

Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit: at that moment of time the clock ſtruck twelve at noon.

Madam, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I am surprized to ſee you, you have been ſo long a ſtranger; but told her ſhe was glad to ſee her, and offered to ſalute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almoſt touched, and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand acroſs her own eyes, and ſaid, I am not very well, and ſo waved it. She told Mrs. Bargrave ſhe was going a journey, and had a great mind to ſee her firſt. But, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, becauſe I know you have a fond brother. O! ſays Mrs. Veal, I gave my brother the ſlip, and came away, becauſe I had ſo great a deſire to ſee you before I took my journey. So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the firſt, and Mrs. Veal ſat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was ſitting when ſhe heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then, ſays Mrs. Veal, My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friend-

ſhip again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it, and if you can forgive me, you are the beſt of women. O, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, don't mention ſuch a thing; I have not had an uneaſy thought about it, I can eaſily forgive it. What did you think of me, ſaid Mrs. Veal? Says Mrs. Bargrave, I thought you were like the reſt of the world, and that proſperity had made you forget yourſelf and me. Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices ſhe did her in former days, and much of the converſation they had with each other in the times of their adverſity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the beſt, ſhe ſaid, on that ſubject, ever wrote. She alſo mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and two Dutch books which were tranſlated, wrote upon death, and several others: but Drelincourt, ſhe ſaid, had the cleareſt notions of death, and of the future ſtate, of any who have handled that ſubject. Then ſhe aſked Mrs. Bargrave, whether ſhe had Drelincourt? She ſaid, Yes. Says

Man loke and see
Take hede of me
How thou shalt be
  Whan thou art deid.
Drie as a tree
Worms shall ete thee
Thy greate beaute
  Shall be lyke leed.

The tyme hath bene
In my youthe grene
That I was clene
  Of body as ye are
But for myne een
Now two holes bene
Of me is seen
  But bones all bare.

Now entende
For to amende.

Mrs. Veal, Fetch it; and ſo Mrs. Bargrave goes up ſtairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs. Veal, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we ſhould ſee numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt ſays. Therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you; and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the buſineſs they are ſent for, they ſhall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I ſay to you, One minute of future happineſs will infinitely reward you for all your ſufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earneſtneſs, which indeed ran through moſt of her diſcourſe) that ever God would ſuffer you to ſpend all your days in this afflicted state; but be aſſured that your afflictions ſhall leave you, or you them in a ſhort time. She ſpake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs.

Bargrave wept ſeveral times, ſhe was ſo deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's Aſcetic, at the end of which he gave an account of the lives of the primitive Chriſtians. Their pattern ſhe recommended to our imitation, and ſaid, Their converſation was not like this of our age. For now, ſays ſhe, there is nothing but frothy, vain diſcourſe, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; ſo that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but, ſaid ſhe, we ought to do as they did. There was an hearty friendſhip among them; but where is it now to be found? Says Mrs. Bargrave, 'Tis hard, indeed, to find a true friend in theſe days. Says Mrs. Veal, Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verſes, called Friendſhip in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire; have you ſeen the book? ſays Mrs. Veal. No, ſays Mrs. Bargrave; but I have the verſes of my own writing out. Have you, ſays Mrs. Veal, then fetch them; which ſhe did from above

In Heuen shall dwelle alle Cristen men
That knowe & doe Gods byddyngs ten.

What is Man?

ſtairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refuſed, and waved the thing, ſaying, holding down her head would make it ache; and then deſired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which ſhe did. As they were admiring Friendſhip, Mrs. Veal ſaid, Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I ſhall love you for ever. In theſe verſes there is twice uſed the word Elyſian. Ah! ſays Mrs. Veal, Theſe poets have ſuch names for heaven. She would often draw her hand acroſs her own eyes, and ſay, Mrs. Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits? No, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I think you look as well as ever I knew you.

After all this diſcourſe, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs. Bargrave ſaid ſhe could pretend to, and as much more as ſhe can remember---for it cannot be thought, that an hour and three-quarters' converſation could all be retained, though the main of it ſhe thinks ſhe does---ſhe ſaid to Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him ſhe would have him

give rings to ſuch and ſuch; and that there was a purſe of gold in her cabinet, and that ſhe would have two broad pieces given to her couſin Watſon.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and ſo placed herſelf in a chair juſt before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits ſhould occaſion it: for the elbow-chair, ſhe thought, would keep her from falling on either ſide. And to divert Mrs. Veal, as ſhe thought, took hold of her gown-ſleeve ſeveral times, and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a ſcoured ſilk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal perſiſted in her requeſt, and told Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe must not deny her: and ſhe would have her tell her brother all their converſation when ſhe had opportunity. Dear Mrs. Veal, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, this ſeems ſo impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying ſtory will our converſation be to a young gentleman? Why, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, it is much better, methinks, to do it your-

ſelf No, ſays Mrs. Veal, though it ſeems impertinent to you now, you will ſee more reaſon for it hereafter. Mrs. Bargrave, then, to ſatisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink; but Mrs. Veal ſaid, Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you muſt be ſure to do it: which was one of the laſt things ſhe enjoined her at parting, and ſo ſhe promiſed her.

Then Mrs. Veal aſked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter; ſhe ſaid, ſhe was not at home; but if you have a mind to ſee her, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I'll ſend for her. Do ſo, ſays Mrs. Veal. On which ſhe left her, and went to a neighbour's to ſend for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the ſtreet, in the face of the Beaſt-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and ſtood ready to part, as ſoon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She aſked her, why ſhe was in ſuch haſte? She ſaid, ſhe muſt be going, though perhaps ſhe might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave, ſhe

hoped ſhe would see her again at her couſin Watſon's before ſhe went whither ſhe was going. Then ſhe ſaid ſhe would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the ſight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours ſenſes before her death, in which time ſhe received the ſacrament. The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearing, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indiſpoſed with a cold and a ſore throat, that ſhe could not go out that day; but on Monday morning ſhe ſends a perſon to Captain Watſon's to know if Mrs. Veal were there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's enquiry, and ſent her word that ſhe was not there, nor was expected. At this anſwer Mrs. Bargrave told the maid, ſhe had certainly miſtook the name, or made ſome blunder. And though ſhe was ill, ſhe put on her hood, and went herſelf to Captain Watſon's, though ſhe knew none of the family,

to ſee if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They ſaid they wondered at her aſking, for that ſhe had not been in to town; they were ſure, if ſhe had, ſhe would have been there. Says Mrs. Bargrave, I am ſure ſhe was with me on Saturday almoſt two hours. They ſaid, it was impoſſible, for they muſt have ſeen her if ſhe had. In comes Captain Watſon, while they were in diſpute, and ſaid, that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her eſcutcheons were making. This ſtrangely ſurpriſed Mrs. Bargrave, when ſhe ſent to the perſon immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then ſhe related the whole ſtory to Captain Watſon's family, and what gown ſhe had on, and how ſtriped; and that Mrs. Veal told her it was ſcoured. Then Mrs. Watſon cried out, You have ſeen her indeed; for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myſelf that the gown was ſcoured. And Mrs. Watſon owned, that ſhe deſcribed the gown exactly: for, ſaid ſhe, I helped her to make it up. This Mrs. Watſon blazed all about the town, and avouched the

demonſtration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's ſeeing Mrs. Veal's apparition. And Captain Watſon carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's houſe to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it ſpread ſo faſt, that gentlemen and perſons of quality, the judicious and ſceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it, at beſt, became ſuch a taſk, that ſhe was forced to go out of the way. For they were, in general, extremely ſatisfied of the truth of the thing; and plainly ſaw, that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac; for ſhe always appears with ſuch a cheerful air, and pleaſing mein, that ſhe gained the favour and eſteem of all the gentry: and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I ſhould have told you before, that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave, that her ſiſter and brother-in-law were juſt come down from London to ſee her. Says Mrs. Bargrave, How came you to order matters ſo ſtrangely? It could not be helped, ſaid Mrs. Veal. And her ſiſter and brother did come to

ſee her, and entered the town of Dover juſt as Mrs. Veal was expiring. Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether ſhe would drink ſome tea? Says Mrs. Veal, I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs. Bargrave's huſband) has broke all your trinkets. But, ſays Mrs. Bargrave, I'll get ſomething to drink in for all that; but Mrs. Veal waved it, and ſaid, It is no matter, let it alone; and ſo it paſſed.

All the time I ſat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was ſome hours, ſhe recollected freſh ſayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more ſhe told Mrs. Bargrave, that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year; which was a ſecret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her ſtory; which puzzles thoſe who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A ſervant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's houſe, heard her talking to ſomebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave

went out to her next neighbour's the very moment ſhe parted with Mrs. Veal, and told her what raviſhing converſation ſhe had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, ſince this happened, bought up ſtrangely. And it is to be obſerved, that notwithſtanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave had undergone upon this account, ſhe never took the value of a farthing, nor ſuffered her daughter to take anything of anybody; and therefore can have no intereſt in telling the ſtory.

But Mr. Veal does what he can to ſtifle the matter, and ſaid he would ſee Mrs. Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact, that he has been at Captain Watſon's ſince the death of his ſiſter, and yet never went near Mrs. Bargrave; and ſome of his friends report her to be a liar, and that ſhe knew of Mrs. Breton's ten pounds a year. But the perſon who pretends to ſay ſo, has the reputation of a notorious liar, among perſons whom I know to be

of undoubted repute. Now Mr. Veal is more of a gentleman than to ſay, ſhe lies; but ſays a bad huſband has crazed her. But ſhe needs only to preſent herſelf, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr. Veal ſays, he asked his ſiſter on her death-bed, whether ſhe had a mind to dispose of anything? and ſhe ſaid, No. Now, the things which Mrs. Veal's apparition would have diſpos'd of, were ſo trifling, and nothing of juſtice aimed at in their diſpoſal, that the deſign of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs. Bargrave ſo to demonſtrate the truth of her appearance, as to ſatisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what ſhe had ſeen and heard; and to ſecure her reputation among the reaſonable and underſtanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr. Veal owns that there was a purſe of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable, for that Mrs. Watſon owned, that Mrs. Veal was ſo very careful of the key of her cabinet, that ſhe would truſt no-

body with it. And if ſo, no doubt, ſhe would not truſt her gold out of it. And Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave, whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if ſhe did it on purpoſe, to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it ſtrange that ſhe ſhould put her upon writing to her brother, to diſpoſe of rings and gold, which looked ſo much like a dying perſon's requeſt; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effect of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many inſtances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly, in her coming to her in the day-time; waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal ſhould think this relation a reflection---as is plain he does by his endeavour to ſtifle it---I cannot

imagine: becauſe the generality believe her to be a good ſpirit, her diſcourſe was ſo heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to aſk her forgiveneſs for her breach of friendſhip, and with a pious diſcourſe to encourage her. So that, after all, to ſuppoſe that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon, till Saturday noon, (ſuppoſing that ſhe knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very firſt moment,) without jumbling circumſtances, and without any intereſt too; ſhe muſt be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent perſon, I dare ſay, will allow. I aſked Mrs. Bargrave ſeveral times, if ſhe was ſure ſhe felt the gown? She anſwered modeſtly, If my ſenſes be to be relied on, I am ſure of it. I aſked her, if ſhe heard a ſound when ſhe clapped her hand upon her knee? She ſaid, ſhe did not remember ſhe did; and ſhe said, ſhe appeared to be as much a subſtance as I did, who talked with her. And I may, ſaid ſhe, be as ſoon perſuaded

that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really ſee her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as ſuch. I would not, ſays ſhe, give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no intereſt in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for ought I know: and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public. But now, ſhe ſays, ſhe will make her own private uſe of it, and keep herſelf out of the way as much as ſhe can; and ſo ſhe has done ſince. She ſays, ſhe had a gentleman who came thirty miles to hear the relation; and that ſhe had told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the ſtory from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing hath very much affected me; and I am as well ſatisfied, as I am of the beſt grounded matter of fact. And why we ſhould diſpute matter of fact, becauſe we cannot ſolve things, of which we can

have no certain or demonſtrative notions, ſeems ſtrange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and ſincerity alone, would have been undoubted in any other caſe.

ROYAL

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ASIATIC SOCIE

THE LONG PACK:

A Northumbrian Tale about an Hundred & sixty Year OLD.

Cl5.Is.CCC.LXXXIII.

In winter nights, when goſſips old,
With youthful liſt'ners, draw round the fire ;
Who 'tentive hear the legend told,
Of ſome fell waugh of an old murther'd ſire.
'Tis then, in anxious hope and fear,
The pelting hail is dreaded as a ſprite :
And cruddling round, their youthful ear,
Marks to the memory a tale of ſome poor,
hapless wight.

THE

LONG PACK.

A NORTHUMBRIAN TALE.

'TWAS in the year 1723, when Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what, in thoſe days, was counted an immenſe fortune, and retired to a country ſeat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland. The houſe was rebuilt, and furniſhed with every thing elegant and coſtly; and amongſt others, a ſervice of plate ſuppoſed to be worth 1000l. He went annually to London with his family,

during the winter months of the year, and at theſe times there were but few domeſtics left in his houſe. At the time treated of, the only domeſtics remaining were, a ſervant maid, of the name of Alice, who kept the houſe, and two men, who threſhed the corn, and took care of the cattle and out-buildings. There were alſo two ploughmen, but they were boarded in houſes of their own.

One afternoon as Alice was ſitting ſpinning ſome yarn for a pair of ſtockings to herſelf, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had ſeen as long a pack and as broad a pack; but a pack equally as long, broad, and thick, ſhe declared ſhe never ſaw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were ſhort, and the nights cold, long, and weariſome. The pedlar was a handſome well-dreſſed man, and very likely to be an agreeable companion for ſuch a maid as Alice, on ſuch a night as that; yet Alice declared, that from the very beginning ſhe did not like him greatly; and though he introduced him-

ſelf with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet when he came to aſk a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refuſal; he jeſted on the ſubject, ſaid he believed ſhe was in the right, for that it would be impoſſible for him to keep his own bed, and ſuch a ſweet creature lying alone under the ſame roof---took her on his knee, and raviſhed a kiſs.---But all would not do. No, ſhe would not conſent to his ſtaying there. "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you muſt not be ſo unreaſonable; I have come ſtraight from Newcaſtle, where I have been purchaſing a freſh ſtock of goods, which are ſo heavy that I cannot travel far with them; and as the people around are all of the poorer ſort, I will rather make you a preſent of the greateſt ſhawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the ſhawl, the picture of deliberation was pourtrayed in lively colours in Alice's face for a little; but her prudence overcame. "No, ſhe was but a ſervant, and

had orders to harbour no perſon about the houſe but ſuch as came on buſineſs, nor they either, unleſs well acquainted with them." "What the worſe can either your maſter, or you, or any other perſon, be, of ſuffering me to tarry until the morning." "I intreat you not to inſiſt, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you muſt leave them, or get a horſe to carry them away." "Of all the inflexible beings ever I ſaw, thou art the firſt! But I cannot blame you, your reſolution is juſt and right. Well, well, ſince no better may be, I muſt leave them, and go ſearch for lodging myſelf ſomewhere elſe, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further." Alice was rather taken at her word; ſhe wanted nothing to do with his goods: the man was diſpleaſed at her, and might accuſe her of ſtealing ſome of them; but it was an alternative ſhe had propoſed, and againſt which ſhe could ſtart no plauſible objection, ſo ſhe rather reluc-

tantly conſented. "But the pack will be better out of your way," ſaid he, "and ſafer, if you will be ſo kind as lock it by in ſome room or cloſet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wiſhing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left in the large houſe by themſelves, ſhe could not, for her life, quit thinking of the pack one moment. What was in it which made it ſo heavy that its owner could not carry it? She would go and ſee what was in it. It was a very curious pack. At leaſt ſhe would go and handle it, and ſee what ſhe thought was in it. She went into the parlour---opened a wall-preſs: ſhe wanted nothing in the preſs: ſhe never ſo much as looked into it; her eyes were fixed on the pack. "It was a very queer pack---it was ſquare the one way, but not ſquare the other way---it was a monſtrous queer pack." It was now wearing late. She returned from the room in a ſort of trepidation---ſat down to her wheel, but could not ſpin

one thread. "It is a very droll pack yon! What made the man ſo very earneſt with me to tarry all night? Never was man ſo importunate. What in the world has he got in it? It's a confounded queer pack after all: it's ſo long and ſo thick. It's a terrible queer pack."

What ſurmiſes will fear not give riſe to in the mind of a woman? She lighted a candle, and went again into the parlour, cloſed the window ſhutters, and barred them; but before ſhe came out, ſhe ſet herſelf upright, held in her breath, and took another ſteady and ſcrutinizing look of the pack. God of mercy! She ſaw it moving as viſibly as ever ſhe ſaw anything in her life. Every hair in her head ſtood upright. Every inch of fleſh on her body crept like a neſt of piſmires. She haſtened into the kitchen as faſt as ſhe could, for her knees bent under the load of terror that had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candleſtick, though a dozen

ſtood on the ſhelf in the fore kitchen, ſhe ſet it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh, Richard! Oh, for mercy, Richard, make haſte, and come into the houſe. Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice? what is wrong?" "Oh, Richard, a pedlar came in the hall, intreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him ſtay on any account, and behold he is gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that?" ſaid Richard, "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it ſhall look after him." "But, oh, Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack!" ſaid Richard, ſtarting at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had juſt lifted the flail over his head to begin threſhing a ſheaf; but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-ſtaff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took ſuch a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful, he knew that ten years before, but he never took ſuch a

look at her in his life. "A living pack?" ſaid Richard. "Why the woman is mad without all doubts." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it; but I ſaw it moving as plainly as I ſee you at preſent. Make haſte and come away, Richard." Richard did not ſtand to expoſtulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the houſe, aſſuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantages. "But," added he, "of all the fooliſh ideas that ever poſſeſſed my brain, this is the moſt unfeaſible, and unnatural, and impoſſible. How can a pack of napkins and muſlins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worſe than to ſuppoſe a horſe's hair will turn an eel." So ſaying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and turning round, never ſtopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the bales that ſurrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and ſpoiled, by carrying the cords that bound it, and the canvaſs in which it was

wrapped. "The pack was well enough. He found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was juſt like other packs made up of the ſame ſtuff. He ſaw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would coſt the honeſt man 200l. if not more. It would coſt him more; but he would make it all up again, by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice teſtified ſome little diſappointment at ſeeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wiſhed ſhe had never ſeen either him or it, howſomever, for ſhe was convinced there was ſomething myſterious about it; that they were ſtolen goods, or ſomething that way; and ſhe was terrified to ſtay in the houſe with it. But Richard aſſured her the pack was right enough.

During this converſation, in came Edward, a lad about 16 years of age, who herded the cattle. He was ſon to a coal-driver on the border, and poſſeſſed a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but ſomewhat roguiſh, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He

was at this time wholly intent on ſhooting the crows and birds that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He ſeldom killed any, if ever, but he once or twice knocked off a ſew feathers, and, after much narrow inſpection, diſcovered ſome drops of blood on the ſnow. He had at this very moment come in a great haſte for Copenhagen, having ſeen a glorious chance of ſparrows, and a robin-red-breſt among them, feeding on the ſite of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of ſomething myſterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and became all attentive. "Faith, Alice," ſaid he, "if you will let me, I'll ſhoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," ſaid Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who ſtill held it in his hand, and gliding down the paſſage, edged open the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He came back with a ſpring, and with looks very different

from thoſe which regulated his features as he went down. As ſure as he had death to meet with he ſaw it ſtirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," ſaid Richard. Edward ſwore again that he ſaw it ſtirring; but whether he really thought ſo, or he only ſaid ſo, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," ſaid he again, "if you will let me, I'll ſhoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," ſaid Richard. "No," ſaid Edward, "in the multitude of counſellors there is ſafety; and I will maintain this to be our ſafeſt plan. Our maſter's houſe is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt ſome people to use ſtratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may purſue us for damages to any amount; but if I ſhoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is anything that ſhould not be there, Lord, how I will pepper it; and if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; ſo, if none of you will acquieſce, I will take all the blame myſelf, and ware a ſhot

on it." Richard ſaid, whatever was the conſequence, he would be blameleſs. A half delirious ſmile rather diſtorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an aſſent to what he had been advancing, ſo ſnatching up Copenhagen in one hand, and the candle in the other, he haſted down the paſſage, and, without heſitating a moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood guſhed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, iſſued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one diſtracted. The kitchen was darkiſh, for he had left the candle in the parlour; ſo taking to the door, without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each ſhoulder as faſt as he could turn his head from the one to the other. Alice followed as faſt as ſhe could, but loſt half the way of Edward. She was all the way ſighing and crying moſt pitifully. Old Richard ſtood for a ſhort ſpace rather in a ſtate of

petrifaction, but at length, after ſome haſty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The floor was covered with blood, and the pack thrown upon the ground; but the groans and cries were ceaſed, and only a kind of guttural noiſe was heard from it. Knowing that then ſomething muſt be done, he ran after his companions and called on them to come back. Though Edward had eſcaped a good way, and was ſtill perſevering on, yet, as he never took long time to conſider the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulſe, he turned and came as faſt back as he had gone away. Alice alſo came homeward, but more ſlowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his courſe; but, as he paſſed, ſhe turned away her face, and called him a murderer. At the ſound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pauſe, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it uſed to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to ſpeak; but he only ſwallowed his ſpittle, and held his peace.

They were ſoon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror or agitation of mind, looſed the pack, the principal commodity of which was a ſtout young man, whom Edward had ſhot through the heart, and thus bereaved of exiſtence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this ſcene, is impoſſible: he acted little, ſpoke leſs, and appeared in a hopeleſs ſtupor: the moſt of his employment conſiſted in ſwallowing his ſpittle, and ſtaring at his two companions.

It is moſt generally believed, that when Edward fired at the pack, he had not the moſt diſtant idea of ſhooting a man; but ſeeing Alice ſo jealous of it, he thought the Colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar; and, beſides he had never got a chance of a ſhot at ſuch a large thing in his life, and was curious to ſee how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdaſhery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through, ſo that when the ſtream of blood burſt from the pack,

accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by ſurprize, and quite confounded; he indeed aſſerted, as long as he lived, that he ſaw ſomething ſtirring in the pack, but his eagerneſs to ſhoot, and his terror on ſeeing what was done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he ſaw the pack moving, makes this aſſeveration rather doubtful. They made all poſſible expedition in extricating him, intending to call in medical aſſiſtance, but it was too late; the vital ſpark was gone for ever. "Alas!" ſaid old Richard, heaving a deep ſigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wiſh he had lived a little longer to have repented of this, for he has ſurely died in a bad cauſe. Poor man! he was ſomebody's ſon, and, no doubt, dear to them, and nobody can tell how ſmall a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice acroſs his eyes with the ſleeve of his ſhirt, for he ſtill wanted the coat: a thought of a tender nature ſhot through his heart.

"Alas," ſaid he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things!" ſaid Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things! God pity them."

The way that he was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up parallel to his navel, and his feet and legs ſtuffed in a hat-box; another hat-box, a ſize larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvaſs around this, he breathed with the greateſt freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breaſt which had cauſed the movement noticed by the ſervants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlaſs, with which he could rip himſelf from his confinement at once. There were alſo four loaded piſtols ſecreted with him, and a ſilver wind-call. On coming to the piſtols and cutlaſs, "Villain," ſaid old Richard, "ſee what he has here. But I ſhould not call him a villain," ſaid he again, ſoftening his tone, "for he is now gone to anſwer at that bar

where no false witneſs, nor loquacious orator, can bias the juſtice of the ſentence pronounced on him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the falſe one. We can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preſerver, that he was diſcovered, elſe it is probable that none of us would have ſeen the light of a new day." Theſe moral reflections from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raiſed the ſpirits of Edward; he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himſelf up for loſt; but he now began to diſcover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the firſt time ſince he had fired the fatal ſhot, ventured to ſpeak. "Faith, it was lucky that I ſhot," ſaid Edward; but none of his companions anſwered either good or bad. Alice, though rather grown deſperate, behaved and aſſiſted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward ſurveyed the piſtols all around, two of which were of curious workmanſhip. "But what do you think he was going to do with all theſe?" ſaid

Edward. "I think you need not aſk that," Richard anſwered. "Faith, it was a mercy that I ſhot, after all," ſaid Edward, for if we had looſed him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadſide, though. But look ye, Richard, providence has directed me to the right ſpot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of theſe empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid ſcheme," ſaid Richard, "to murder us and rob our maſter's houſe: there muſt certainly be more concerned in it than theſe two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again in unſpeakable gradation, which run through, and ſhift in the mind with as much eaſe and velocity as the ſtreamers round the pole in a froſty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward inſtantaneouſly thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devaſtation he would work amongſt them with Copenhagen: how he would make ſome to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the nether jaws from one, and ſcatter

the brains of another: how Alice would ſcream, and Richard would pray, and every thing would go on like the work of a wind-mill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to ſhoot! but the plaguy long time he always loſt in loading, would ſubject him to a triple diſadvantage in the battle. This immediately ſuggeſted the neceſſity of having aſſiſtance, two or three others to ſhoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulſe of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the Colonel's retainers, who he knew kept guns about them; theſe again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had 25 men in the houſe, and 16 loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four piſtols found on the deceaſed. Theſe were diſtributed amongſt the front windows in the upper ſtories, and the reſt, armed with pitch-forks, old ſwords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himſelf, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the houſe, and now, backed as he was by ſuch

a ſtrong party, grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet until an hour paſt midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's ſilver wind-call, ſo, without warning any of the reſt, he ſet himſelf out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how they were aſtonished at hearing it anſwered by another at no great diſtance.

The ſtate of anxiety into which this ſudden and unforeſeen circumſtance threw our armed peaſants, is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed. The fate of their maſter's great wealth, and even their own fate, was ſoon to be decided, and none but He who ſurveys and over-rules futurity, could tell what was to be the iſſue. Every breaſt heaved quicker, every breath was cut and fluſtered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart, every gun was cocked, and pointed towards the court gate, every orb of viſion was ſtrained to diſcover the approaching foe, by the dim

Jos. Crawhall Jr.

VIEW OF

COPENHAGEN.

light of the ſtarry canopy, and every ear expanded to catch the diſtant ſounds as they floated on the ſlow froſty breeze.

The ſuſpenſe was not of long continuance. In leſs than five minutes the trampling of horſes was heard, which increaſed, as they approached, to the noiſe of thunder, and, in due courſe, a body of men on horſeback, according to their account, exceeding their number, came up at a briſk trot, and began to enter the court gate. Edward, unable to reſtrain himſelf any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremoſt dropped, and his horſe made a ſpring toward the hall door. This diſcharge was rather premature, as the wall ſtill ſhielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the watch-word to all the reſt, and, in the courſe of two ſeconds, the whole 16 guns were diſcharged at them. Before the ſmoke diſperſed, they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception which they got. Edward and his comrades ran down ſtairs to ſee how matters ſtood, for it was their

opinion that they had ſhot them every one, and that their horſes had taken fright at the noiſe, and galloped off without them; but thoſe below warmly proteſted againſt opening any of the doors until day, ſo they were obliged to betake themſelves again to their places up ſtairs.

Though our peaſants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themſelves, their ſituation was curious, and to them a dreadful one: they ſaw and heard a part of their fellow creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intenſely cold, yet durſt not go to adminiſter the leaſt relief, for fear of a ſurprize. An hour or two after the great bruſh, Edward and his meſſmate deſcended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after ſome diſputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, which appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," ſaid Edward, "here's the gentleman I ſhot." The other three were without, at a conſiderable diſtance from each other.

They durſt not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their poſts without touching anything.

About an hour before day, ſome of them were alarmed at hearing the ſound of horſes' feet a ſecond time, which, however, was only indiſtinct, and heard at conſiderable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almoſt frighted out of their wits, at ſeeing, as they thought, the dead man within ſide the gate, endeavouring to get up and eſcape. They had ſeen him dead, lying ſurrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghoſts and hobgoblins entering their brains; they were ſo indiſcreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to ſome of their neighbours. The ſky was by this time grown ſo dark, that nothing could be ſeen with preciſion, and they all remained in anxious incertitude, until the opening day diſcovered to them, by degrees, that the corpſes were all removed, and nothing left but large

ſheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghoſt and the noiſe of horſes, had been occaſioned by ſome of the friends of the men that had fallen, conveying them away for fear of a diſcovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three ſervants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the houſe, ſome enquiring after the ſmalleſt particulars, ſome begging to ſee the body that lay in the parlour, and others pleaſed themſelves with poring over the ſheets of crrimſon ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The Colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood, ſo the affair was not purſued with that ſpeed which was requiſite to the diſcovery of the accomplices, which, if it had, would have been productive of ſome very unpleaſant circumſtances, by involving ſundry reſpectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the phyſician, who attended the family

occaſionally, wrote to the Colonel, by poſt, concerning the affair, but, though he loſt no time, it was ſome days before he arrived. Then indeed, advertiſements were iſſued, and poſted up in all public places, offering rewards for a diſcovery of any perſon killed or wounded of late. All the dead and ſick within twenty miles were inſpected by medical men, and a moſt extenſive ſearch made, but all to no purpoſe. It was too late; all was ſecured. Some indeed were miſſing, but plauſible pretences being made for their abſence, nothing could be done: but certain it was, ſundry of these were never more ſeen nor heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were ſuch people as nobody could ſuſpect.

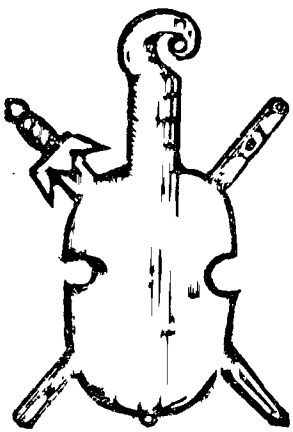
The body of the unfortunate man who was ſhot in the pack lay open for inſpection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge ſo much as having ſeen him. The Colonel then cauſed him to be buried at Bellingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened, and his corpſe taken away. In ſhort, not one

concerned in this baſe and bold attempt was ever diſcovered. A conſtant watch was kept by night for ſome time. The Colonel rewarded the defenders of his houſe liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the reſt of his life, and had a good ſalary for only ſaying prayers amongſt the ſervants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconiſt at Hexham: and Edward was made the Colonel's game-keeper, and had a preſent of a fine gold mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commiſſion in a regiment of foot, where he ſuffered many misfortunes and diſappointments. He was ſhot through the ſhoulder at the battle of Fontenay, but recovered; and retiring on half-pay, took a ſmall farm on the Scottiſh ſide. His character was that of a brave but raſh officer: kind, generous, and open hearted in all ſituations. I have often ſtood at his knee, and liſtened with wonder and amazement to his ſtories of battles and ſieges, but none of them ever pleaſed me better than that of the *Long Pack.*

Alas! alas! his fate is faſt approaching

to us all! He hath, now many years ago, ſubmitted to the conqueror of all mankind. His brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold earth beneath the green turf.

THE
Sword Dancers.



CIↃ.IↃ.CCC.LXXXIII.

SWORD DANCERS.

IT is ſtill the practice, about Chriſtmas time (though leſs in repute than formerly), for companies of Pitmen and other workmen from the neighbouring Collieries to viſit our northern Towns to perform a ſort of play or dance, accompanied by ſong and muſic.

Their appearance is hailed by the community---the younger portion eſpecially---with great ſatisfaction, and they receive liberal contributions from the ſpectators.

The dancers are girded with ſwords, and clad in white ſhirts or tunics, deco-

rated with a profuſion of ribbons of various colours.

The Captain generally wears a kind of faded uniform, with a large cocked hat and feather, for pre-eminent diſtinction; and the buffoon, or "Beſſy," who acts as treaſurer, and collects the caſh in a tobacco-box, wears a hairy cap often decorated with a fox's bruſh. The muſic is ſimple, and not devoid of harmony.

The Captain and dancers form in line and bow to the company, the fiddler (or muſicians) and "Beſſy" ſtand at one ſide. The Captain then ſings:

SONG.

Six actors I have brought
Who were never on ſtage before;
But they will do their beſt,
And the beſt can do no more.

The Captain walks round in front of

the line, to bars of muſic, and, pointing to number one, recites :---

The firſt that I call in,
He is a Squire's ſon :
He's like to loſe his love,
Becauſe he is too young.

But though he be too young,
He has money for to rove ;
And he will ſpend it all,
Before he'll loſe his love.

At the end of the verſe all ſtrike their ſwords together, and No. 1 ſtands apart from the others. The ſame proceſs is repeated till the dancers are all called out by their aſſumed names.

The next that I'll call in,
He is a Tailor fine :
What think you of his work ?
He made this coat of mine.

So comes good maſter Snip,
His beſt reſpects to pay;
He joins us in our trip
To drive dull care away.

The next that I call in,
He is a Sailor bold;
He's come to poverty
By the lending of his gold.

But though his gold's all gone,
Again he'll plough the main,
With heart both light and brave
To fight both France and Spain.

Next comes a Skipper bold,
He'll do his part right weel;
A clever blade I'm told
As ever pouied a keel.

Oh, the keel lads are bonny lads,
As I do underſtand;
For they run both fore and aft,
Wi' their long ſets in their hands.

[*Puoy*, *puy*, or *pouie* (from the French *appui*, *s'appuyer*, to lean, to rest upon) is a long pole with an iron spike at the end, used in propelling keels in shallow water, or when it is inconvenient to use sails or oars. The *pouie* on the Tyne is the *set* on the Wear.]

To join us in this play,
Here comes a jolly dog,
Who's ſober every day
When he can get no grog.

But, though he likes his grog,
As all his friends can ſay,
He always likes it beſt
When he has nowt to pay.

Laſt, I come in myſel',
I make one of this crew,
And if you'd know my name,
My name it is *True Blue*.

After having introduced the five noble heroes, the Captain retires to one ſide, and at this point the "Beſſy" ſometimes

conſiders it neceſſary to give an account of his own genealogy :---

My father he was hang'd,
My mother was drooned in a well;
An' now I'ſe left alone
All by my awn ſel'.

The dance then begins in ſlow and meaſured cadence, which ſoon increaſes in ſpirit, and at length bears the appearance of a ſerious affray, terminating with one of the dancers holding up the whole of the ſwords firmly interlaced.

The Rector, alarmed, ruſhes forward to prevent bloodſhed, and in his endeavours to ſeparate the combatants, he receives a mortal blow, and falls to the ground.

Then follows the lament---the general accuſation---and denial:---

Alas! our Rector's dead,
And on the ground is laid:
Some of us muſt ſuffer for't,
Young men, I'm ſore afraid.

I'm ſure 'twas none of I---
I'm clear of the crime;
'Twas him that follows me
That drew his ſword ſo fine.

I'm ſure 'twas none of I---
I'm clear of the fact;
'Twas him that follows me
That did this bloody act.

I'm ſure 'twas none of I,
Ye bloody villains all!
For both my eyes were ſhut
When this good man did fall.

Then cheer up, my bonny, bonny lads,
And be of courage bold;

For we'll take him to the churchyard,
And bury him in the mould.

Captain---Oh! for a Doctor, a right good Doctor---a ten-pound Doctor, oh!

Doctor---Here am I.

Captain---Doctor, what's your fee?

Doctor---Ten pounds is my fee;
But, nine pounds, nineteen ſhillings and eleven pence three-farthings,
Will I take from thee.

Doctor (ſings)---

See here---ſee here---a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home;
Come, take my pills---they cure all ills,
Paſt, preſent, and to come.

The plague, the palſy, and the gout,
The devil within and the devil without---
Everything but a love-ſick maid,
And conſumption in the pocket.

Take a little of my nif-naf,
Put it on your tif-taf.
Parſon, riſe up and fight again;
The Doctor ſays you are not ſlain.

The Rector gradually recovers, which is the ſignal for general rejoicing and congratulation.

Captain (ſings)---

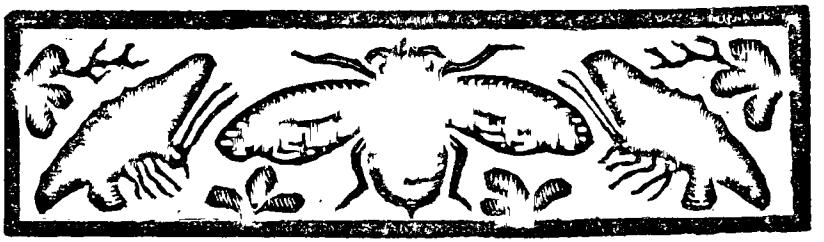
You've ſeen them all call'd in,
You've ſeen them all go round;
Wait but a little while---
Some paſtime will be found.

Cox-green's a bonny place
Where water waſhes clean;
And Painſhaw's on a hill,
Where we have merry been.

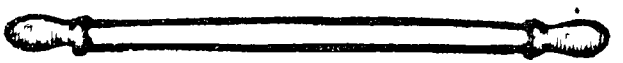
Then, fiddler, change thy tune,
Play us a merry jig;
Before that I'll be beat
I'll pawn both hat and wig.

A general dance concludes the performance to the old and favourite tune---

"KITTY, KITTY, BO, BO!"

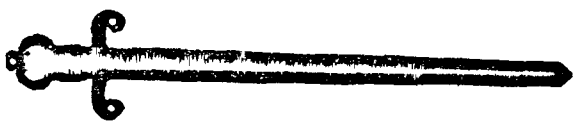


[The following is the version now sung (1882) by the Sword Dancers from East Holywell, who perform yearly at Alnwick Castle and other places in Northumberland.]



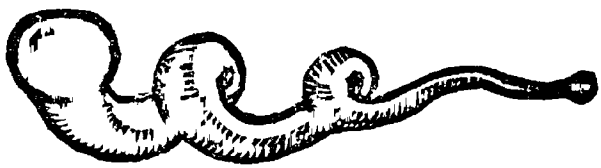
GOOD people, give ear to my ſtory,
I've called in to ſee you by chance,
Five lads I have brought, blyth and merry,
Intending to give you a dance.
Its, Earsdon is our habitation,
The place we were all born and bred,
There are not finer lads in the nation,
And none ſhall be gallanter led.

'TIS not for your gold or your ſilver,
Nor yet for the gain of your gear,
But we've juſt come to take a week's pleaſure
To welcome the incoming year:
My lads they are all fit for action,
With ſpirits and courage ſo bold,
They are born of a noble extraction;
Their fathers were heroes of old.



NOW this is the ſon of brave Elliott,
The firſt youth that enters the ring,
So proudly rejoice I to tell it,
He fought for his country and king:
When the Spaniards beſieged Gibraltar
Bold Elliott defended the place,
Soon cauſed them their plans for to alter:
Some fell---others fled in diſgrace.

NOW my next handſome youth that does enter
Is a boy there are very few ſuch,
His father beat that great De Winter
And defeated the fleet of the Dutch:
His father was the great Lord Duncan
Who played the Dutch ne'er such a prank [funkin'
That the Dutch from their harbours ran
And they fled to the great Dogger Bank.



THIS one is the ſon of Lord Nelſon,
That hero that fought at the Nile:
Few men with ſuch courage and talent,
The Frenchmen he did them beguile.
The Frenchmen they nearly decoyed him,
But the battle he managed ſo well:
In the fortreſs he totally deſtroyed them:
Scarce one got off home for to tell.

NOW my next handſome youth that does enter
Is a boy of ability bright,
Five thouſand gold guïneas I'd venture
That he, like his father, would fight;
At Waterloo and Tarravary (Talavera).
Lord Wellington made the French fly,
You ſcarcely can find ſuch another:
He'd conquer or elſe he would die.

NOW my laſt handſome youth that does enter
Is a boy that is both ſtraight and tall:
He is ſon to the great Buonpartè,
The hero that cracked the whole all:
He went over the Lowlands like thunder,
Made nations to quiver and quake,
Many thouſands ſtood gazing in wonder
At the havoc he always did make.

NOW you ſee all my five noble heroes,
My five noble heroes by birth,
And they each bear as good a charàcter
As any five heroes on earth:
If they be as good as their fathers,
Their deeds are deſerving records,
It is all the whole company deſires
To ſee how they handle their ſwords.
(The dance then begins.)

SCOATLAND YET!

John Cunningham.

CIↃ.IↃ.CCC.LXXXIII.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, the paſtoral poet, was born at Dublin in 1729: his parents (originally from Scotland) having removed thither, where his father followed the occupation of a wine-cooper and merchant, in which he was unfortunate, and in conſequence the young poet was withdrawn from the Grammar School at Drogheda, and returned to Dublin. Having no regular employment, and a ſtrong paſſion for "theatricals," he produced at the age of ſeventeen a drama called "Love in a miſt," which obtained him free acceſs to the theatre, and created a diſinclination for other purſuits. His

ambition was to "tread the ſtage," for which vocation he had ſcarcely a ſingle qualification; ungainly figure, unmuſical and offenſive voice, and lack of neceſſary aſſurance. Notwithſtanding theſe diſadvantages he engaged with an itinerant manager viſiting England, and for ſome time followed the profeſſion of a ſtrolling player. Aware of the imprudent ſtep he had taken, pride, and a dread of dependence, prevented him returning to his relatives, and on receiving intelligence of his father's death he was compelled to adhere to the life he had choſen. The company with which he was engaged performed at York, Newcaſtle, Sunderland, Alnwick, and other places in the North of England. In 1761 he proceeded to Edinburgh, having engaged with the manager of the Canongate Theatre, and now furniſhed evidence of his poetical ability, publiſhing ſucceſſively "An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins," "The

Contemplatiſt," and "Fortune," an apologue. Theſe productions became known, and, on the invitation of a London bookſeller he proceeded thither with a proſpect of literary employment, having determined to abandon theatrical purſuits. The bookſeller failing, was unable to carry out his good intentions, and Cunningham, after a ſhort ſtay in the Metropolis, rejoined his former company in Edinburgh. The manager (Digges) appreciating his génius, treated him with kindneſs and reſpect, and the poet made ſome return by writing, as occaſion required, prologues and epilogues, which were ſpoken by the manager and his favourite, Mrs. Bellamy, whoſe beauty Cunningham celebrated by making her the heroine of ſome of his ſhorter pieces. From Edinburgh he proceeded to Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, where he took up his reſidence, and was kindly received by a wide circle of friends. He uſually called it his home, and by his

theatrical labours in the diſtrict and the favourable ſupport he received from the wealthier claſſes, he was enabled to procure the means of a narrow, yet ſufficient livelihood. He wrote ſhort notices and trifles in verſe for the *Newcaſtle Chronicle*, and this was remunerated in a kindly way by Mr. Thomas Slack, the editor and publiſher, whoſe houſe was open at all times to the poet in his difficulties. In 1766 the firſt collected edition of Cunningham's poems was publiſhed by ſubſcription, and printed by Slack, ſeveral of the pieces having appeared in the *Newcaſtle Chronicle*; and, judging from the reſpectable number of ſubſcribers, muſt have been fairly remunerative. He had been adviſed by his friends to dedicate the work to Mrs. Montagu, of Denton; but preferred inſcribing it to David Garrick, then in the meridian of his fame, and the poet in his enthuſiaſm walked to London to preſent the volume in perſon: his

reception was humiliating: Garrick aſſumed a cold and ſtately air, inſulted him by behaving to him as to a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, adding "Players, ſir, as well as poets, are always poor." This repulſe from the object of his idolatry, and whoſe favour he was moſt anxious to gain, weighed heavily on the poet's heart, and it is ſaid that from this time he broke through all moral reſtraint, indulging as freely in that "Newcaſtle Beer" he has ſo ſucceſsfully celebrated in verſe, as in Helicon's harmonious ſtream. He performed at various provincial theatres to within three months of his death, which took place at Newcaſtle, the town he always regarded as his permanent reſidence, on the 18th September, 1773, at the age of 44. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Slack cauſed a broad, horizontal ſtone to be placed over his grave in St. John's Churchyard, bearing the following inſcription:—

"Here lie the remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
Of his excellence
As a Paſtoral Poet
His works will remain a monument
For ages
After this temporary tribute of eſteem
Is in duſt forgotten.
He died in Newcaſtle, Sept. 18, 1773,
Aged 44.

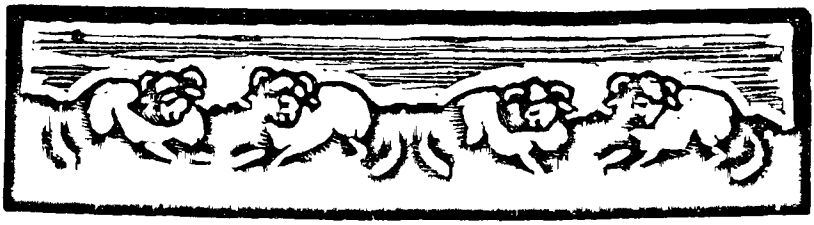
Alſo, his friend and aſſociate,
ROBERT CARR,
Printer.
He died June 4, 1783, aged 45."

On the upright ſtone ſupport at the ſouth end his friend Carr added :--

"He gathered the eſſence
of ſimplicity
and rang'd it
in Paſtoral Verſe."

Mrs. Slack regarded the engraved portrait in Cooke's edition of the Britiſh poets as the beſt rendering of his features, and an idea of his tall, ſlim, ungraceful figure may be formed from the ſketch by Thomas Bewick, reproduced on the back of the title. The handkerchief contained a herring or ſome other ſmall article of food; and, though unrepreſented, the Bard's faithful dog "Turk" generally accompanied him in his rambles. The ſpecimens ſelected as fairly repreſenting our Poet are:---

"The Tenant Cock"---"The Shepherd's Clock."



DAY:

A PASTORAL.

. . . "*Carpe diem.*"—HOR.

MORNING.

I.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Cloſe to partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows, (the ſhepherd's clock),
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night retire;
And the peeping ſunbeam now
Paints with gold the village ſpire.

III.

Philomel forſakes the thorn
Plaintive where ſhe prates at night:
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the ſhepherd's ſight.

IV.

From the low roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring ſwallow ſpring:
Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daiſies in the dewy vale.

VI.

From the balmy ſweets, uncloy'd
(Reſtleſs till her taſk be done),.
Now the buſy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the ſun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock
Where the limpid ſtream diſtils,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

Colin, for the promiſ'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious hears the huntsman's horn
Boldly ſounding, drown his pipe.

IX.

Sweet---O ſweet the warbling throng,
On the white, embloſſom'd ſpray:
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

NOON.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood
Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dewdrop's left the roſe.

XI.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines:
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

XII.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the ſunbeams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd Abbey wall.

XIII.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill
Cannot catch a ſinglę ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool,
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings,
Fearful leſt the noon-tide beam
Scorch its ſoft---its ſilken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir---
Nature's lull'd---ſerene and ſtill;
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

O! pritty cowe with crumpelt horne and hair as soft as filk,
We thank thee for rich, cruddelt creame and sky-blue, water'd milk.

XVII.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes every fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill---the hedge---is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune:
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free: (the furrow'd taſk is done),
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky;
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the ſmoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads
Shelter for the lordly dome;
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home.

XXIII.

As the lark with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild, reſplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud.

XXIV.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twiſted brake:
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

XXV.

As the trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings:
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe complexion'd laſs
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

XXVII.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

NEWCASTLE BEER.

WHEN Fame brought the news
of Great Britain's ſucceſs,
And told at Olympus each
Gallic defeat,
Glad Mars ſent by Mercury orders expreſs,
To ſummon the Deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feaſt,
And freely declar'd there was choice of
good cheer:
Yet vow'd to his thinking
For exquiſite drinking
Their nectar was nothing to Newcaſtle
Beer.

THE great God of War, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taſte of his whimſical gueſt,
Sent a meſſage that moment to *Moor's* for a tun
Of Stingo, the ſtouteſt, the brighteſt, the beſt;
No Gods---they all ſwore---
Regal'd ſo before,
With liquor ſo lively, ſo potent, and clear;
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcaſtle Beer.

APOLLO perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water ſo long:
He bowed---being aſk'd by the muſical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore ſong:
But ere he began,
He toſſ'd off his cann:
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:
Then ſang with great merit,
The flavour and ſpirit,
His Godſhip had found in our Newcaſtle Beer.

'TWAS Stingo like this made Alcides ſo bold,
It brac'd up his nerves and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his myſtical club that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but ſuch liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules ſlew,
Were Poverty---Calumny---Trouble, and Fear;
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away ſorrow,
Apply for a *Jorum* of Newcaſtle Beer.

YE youngſters, ſo diffident, languid and pale,
Whom love, like the colic ſo rudely infeſts;
Take a cordial of this---'twill *probatum* prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breaſts:
Dull whining deſpiſe,
Grow roſy and wiſe,
No longer the jeſt of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And ſmoke o'er a tankard of Newcaſtle Beer.

YE fanciful folk for whom *Phyſic* preſcribes,
Whom bolus and potion have haraſſ'd to death!
Ye wretches whom *Law* and her ill-looking tribes,
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath!
Here's ſhelter and eaſe,
No craving for fees,
No danger---no doctor---no bailiff is near!
Your ſpirits this raiſes,
It cures your diſeaſes---
There's freedom and health in our Newcaſtle Beer.

Come you not from Newcastle?

DUCKS & green Peas;

CIↃIↃ. CCC. LXXXIII.

L

DUCKS AND GREEN PEAS;

OR, THE

NEWCASTLE RIDER.

A TALE IN RHYME.

["April 21, 1798.—Died in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr. Joseph Booth, aged 82 years. He was formerly a traveller to a considerable manufactory in that town, and, among other eccentricities of character, gave rise to the well-known story on which was founded the ludicrous farce called 'Ducks and Green Peas.'"—SYKES—"*Local Records.*"]

MEN'S minds, and likewiſe their opinions,
Are various as the ſize of onions:
Compar'd they ſuit, juſt to a tittle,
For ſome are great, and ſome are little;

Some oblong are, and ſome are round---
With different fancies men abound.
Some in the morning, when they riſe,
Will tell you 'twill rain by the ſkies;
Becauſe they're red, or black, or blue,
They gueſs their changes by their hue;
Yet, ere an hour paſſes over,
They other ſentiments diſcover,
And for a certainty declare
The day is likely to prove fair,
Or calm, or windy, froſt, or ſnow,
And yet they never truly know;
But only, for the ſake of talk,
They others' expectations balk.
Some others, menial ſlaves in trade,
By maſters or ſuperiors paid,
Will (when they can) transform their ſhape,
And gentlemen of faſhion ape;
An inſtance, and a true one too,
In my ſucceeding tale I'll ſhew.
There is a wealthy thriving town,
To tradeſmen and to merchants known,
'Tis ſeated in Northumberland,
And doth upon the borders ſtand---
Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne's the name,

Which long has ſtood enroll'd in fame.
As all things are ordain'd by fate
There liv'd within this town of late
A ſprightly enterpriſing youth,
Whoſe name, I'm told, is JOSEPH BOOTH;
He really was a gallant ſpark,
And to one 'Squire COOKSON Clerk;
His Rider too, from town to town,
To tranſact buſineſs up and down.
Theſe Riders are well known for ſmarts,
And chiefly pitch'd on for their parts;
As health and ſenſe enough (tho' young)
And volubility of tongue,
To talk of trade with different men;
Likewiſe a quick command of pen.
The time at length again comes on
When our friend Joſeph muſt be gone,
And travel his half-yearly round,
Where trade and money may be found;
His maſter's correſpondents viſit,
And orders freſh from them ſolicit:
Yet was reſolv'd, before he went,
A little money ſhould be ſpent
In certain neceſſaries needful,
Which ſhows that Joſeph was grown heedful

That he might good appearance make,
For credit and his maſter's ſake.
What things they were we have forgot,
And truly, ſirs, it matters not;
We only know of one, and that
Was a new jemmy, gold-lac'd hat:
But Joſeph would not have this known,
And ſo he travell'd out of town
Some way before he put it on.
But when he'd gotten far enough
To fear no jeering friend's reproof,
He gave his nag a gentle ſwitch,
And threw his old hat in the ditch;
Then from his great coat lining drew
His gold lac'd nab to public view;
And as he rode along at leiſure,
He view'd it o'er and o'er with pleaſure,
Then fiercely clapt it on his head,
And look'd a deal worſe taught than fed.
Now let days, weeks, and months, pass over,
That better ſcenes we may diſcover,
And to the very criſis come,
By bringing Joſeph nearer home.
From Leeds, about noon time of day,
To Knareſbro', Joſeph bent his way;

But travelling slowly, it was late
When he arriv'd at Harrogate;
So thought he would ſtay there that night,
And at the Queen's Head did alight;
Order'd his horſe both corn and hay,
And to the kitchen bent his way;
And took upon himſelf ſome ſtate,
Whilſt Landlord did his orders wait.
"A room above---here quickly ſhow,
I hate theſe dampy rooms below;
And let me have ſome ſupper ſoon,
Be ſure that it be neatly done.
What can I have?" "Sir, what you pleaſe."
"Then hark ye---get me DUCKS and PEAS,
A couple! yes, and fat ones too,
Or elſe, my ſtars, they will not do!
And let a peck of peas be boil'd,
Or otherwiſe my ſupper's ſpoil'd:
Set them directly to the fire."
"Sir,---all ſhall be as you deſire."
A chariot to the door did come,
Which made the landlord quit the room,
To ope' the door, from whence there came
A gentleman and lovely dame.

The gentleman within the houſe,
Directly handed then his ſpouſe;
The lady to the landlord ſaid,
"I wiſh ſome ſupper could be had;
And, pray ye, let me have it ſoon,
I have not broke my faſt ſince noon.
Pray what is roaſting at your fire?
Some ſuch good thing I ſhould deſire;
It muſt be gooſe or duck I ſmell,
And either would content me well."
"Madam, you're right," the landlord ſaid;
"Two ducks before the fire are laid,
And peas are boiling on the fire,
Both which a Gemman did deſire
Should be got ready for his ſupper,
Who's in a room we call an upper;
For there indeed he would be ſhown."
"What, is the gentleman alone?"
"Yes, madam, he came ſingle here,
And is a merry man I'll ſwear;
He ſtruts about, and laughs, and talks,
Sings and toll-loll-ders as he walks."
"O! landlord, as to that ne'er mind,
To ſomething elſe I'm more inclin'd;
Pray go you with our ſervice to him,
And tho' perhaps we do not know him,

Tell him two ſtrangers, juſt alighted,
Like other travellers benighted,
Send him their compliments by you,
And will themſelves the honour do
Of his good ſupper to partake,
For company and friendſhip's ſake."
Up ſtairs then ſtraight the landlord went,
And to the ground his body bent,
"Sir, I'm afraid I do intrude,
But hope you will not think me rude;
A gentleman and lady fair,
Who are but juſt arrivèd here,
Their compliments unto you pay,
By me, ſir, in a civil way;
And humbly hope you'll be ſo kind,
To let their company be join'd
To yours, good ſir; and, if you please,
They'll ſup upon your ducks and peas."
"How! join with me, ſir, do you ſay?
No, no ſuch thing!---ſo go your way:
I am not ſuch a ſimple elf,
I order'd ſupper for myſelf;
And what I call for I ſhall pay;
So get you gone! Why do you ſtay?"
Thus he concluded with a frown;
Away the landlord trundled down,

And Joſeph's anſwer did declare,
Which made them at each other ſtare,
With equal wonder, who the devil
Could ſend an anſwer ſo uncivil
To their requeſt ſo complaiſant---
He muſt both ſenſe and reaſon want:
A gentleman he could not be,
So void of all civility.

The gentleman was vex'd, and ſwore
He ne'er was ſervèd ſo before:
As to himſelf he did not mind,
But to his wife it was unkind.
"So pray ye, landlord, go again,
(Altho' to ſend you gives me pain)
And tell him I ſhall ſup below,
But hope ſome favour he will ſhow,
Accept the company of my bride,
The ladies ſhould not be denied."

Accordingly, the landlord went,
Told him the meſſage that was ſent,
And hop'd his anſwer would be mild,
Perhaps the lady was with child,
And had a longing in her crupper
For what he ordered for his ſupper.

At this requeſt he raged, and ſwore
He'd kick the landlord to the door.

"Poltroon, begone! your teazing ceaſe;
Let me enjoy my ducks and peas;
Were ſhe the queen, you ſenſeleſs clown,
I am reſolv'd to ſup alone!"
Away the landlord came again,
And tho' he knew 'twould give them pain,
His anſwer he before them laid,
And told them what Lord Joſeph ſaid.
This made them wonder more and more,
And vex'd them worſe than all before.
"Pray, landlord, tell me if you can,
What kind of perſon is this man?"
"Why, ſir, as ſure as you ſtand there,
A gentleman he doth appear;
A jolly-looking man---not fat,
Well dreſt, and wears a gold-lac'd hat."
"Why, what you ſay doth me ſurpriſe,
And I could wiſh with mine own eyes
To ſee this man this very night,
But privately and out of ſight."
Up ſtairs they went, and ſaid no more,
The landlord open ſet the door,
To lay the cloth and ſpread it ſmooth,
The more to honour 'Squire Booth.
The table near the fire he drew,
The gentleman did Joſeph view;

Who, ſtrutting, toll-de-roll'd away,
'Cauſe he'd nought elſe to do or ſay.
Gueſs, reader, gueſs the great ſurpriſe
That fillèd 'Squire Cookſon's eyes,
When this ſame toll-de-rolling ſpark
He found was Joſeph, his own Clerk.
In ſtraight he ruſh'd, and, like a ſprite,
He put poor Joſeph in a fright;
Off went his hat beneath the bed,
His face grew pale---his mirth was fled!
"Come, Joſeph, come, you're right," said he,
"To uphold my houſe's dignity;
I 'm not diſpleaſ'd at what you've done,
It's ſuch a noble piece of fun.
I own, indeed, you did me vex,
To hear you treat the other ſex
With ſuch ill-manners, and refuſe
That company which all would chooſe.
Apologies you need not make,
I hope we now ſhall both partake
Of this good ſupper you've beſpoke,
And that alone will crown the joke,
What ſay you?"---"Yes, ſir, if you pleaſe,
You may have all the ducks and peas."
" No, Joſeph, no, I do declare,
You ſhall ſit down and have your ſhare;

Since you the ſupper did provide,
'Tis proper you ſhould ſtuff your hide.
Go tell your miſtreſs to come up,
And we three will together ſup."
Joſeph obey'd, and up ſhe came;
The landlord thought it pleaſant game---
So down he went and told the ſtory,
Not over much to Joſeph's glory.
The waiters laugh'd to find it so,
For Toll-de-roll is now plain Joe.
Thus for to grace dramatic ſtory,
Stage-hero ſtruts in borrow'd glory,
Proud and auguſt as ever man ſaw,
Then ends his empire in a ſtanza!

DUCKS & green Peas;

A Farce.

Clͻ.Is. CCC.LXXXIII.

Sage

DUCKS AND GREEN PEAS;

OR, THE

NEWCASTLE RIDER.

A FARCE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. Manly.
Lord Joſeph.
Mrs. Manly.
Landlord.
Waiters.

SCENE---*Harrogate.*

SCENE I.

A low Room in the Queen's Head, Harrogate.

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

Enter Lord Joſeph, ſpeaking.

HERE---houſe---landlord--- Where the plague are all the people?

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Coming, coming, ſir.

Jos. Coming, coming---yes, but you are a confounded long while though a coming. Where's the maſter of the houſe?

Wait. Buſy with ſome other cuſtomers, ſir. Can I ſerve your honour?

Jos. No---I chooſe to give my orders to the maſter, and then I am ſure to be well attended.

Wait. Perhaps not; (*aſide*)---I ſhall ſend him to you, ſir, immediately.

Jos. I expect you will---Well, the devil's in it if I can't take a little ſtate

HAROGAT.

HARROGATE WATER

MARK.

upon me now and then. What, though I am but a clerk or rider, I'm very poſitive I'm perſonable enough to paſs for as good a man as my maſter. This hat (*taking it off and admiring it*) will at any time do me credit; and I have obſerved in my late rounds a greater reſpect than uſual was paid me, and I am confident it was upon account of it. Certainly it ſets me off to the higheſt advantage, and gives me an air of ſuperior conſequence.

Enter Landlord.

Servant, ſir, your moſt humble ſervant, ſir; you are welcome to Harrogate.

Jos. Are you the landlord of the houſe?

Land. Yes, ſir---at your ſervice.

Jos. Shew me an upper room then, fellow; I hate thoſe pitiful, low, damp rooms, that are only a receptacle for every dirty ragamuffin that comes.

Land. Sir, I beg your pardon, there you are greatly miſtaken, we don't harbour any ſuch.

Jos. Don't talk to me, fellow!---but

let me have ſupper got ready quickly! D'ye hear? What victuals have you in the houſe?

Land. We have great variety, ſir, ſuch as beef, mutton, veal, lamb---

Jos. Rot your variety, none of theſe are ſupper meat for me! Have you any game, geeſe, or ducks in the houſe?

Land. No game, ſir, but exceedingly fine fat ducks, ready for ſpitting.

Jos. Let me have a couple got ready then directly.

Land. A couple, ſir?

Jos. Yes! a couple, ſir! and let them be fine and fat, as you ſay; or elſe, dem me, I can't touch them.

Land. Are there any more gentlemen to join your company, ſir?

Jos. No---What then? Why do you aſk?

Land. Nay, nothing, ſir---I only thought you might have made a miſtake, because---becauſe a couple of ſuch ducks as mine are would ſerve three or four reaſonable gentlemen.

Jos. So, then, you think me unreason-

able, do you? Dem you, what do you mean by this? If I have a mind to order a dozen (provided I pay for them) what is it to you?---But to be ſomething more unreaſonable, as you call it, let me have a peck of green peas got ready with them.

Land. No offence, I hope, ſir; I beg your pardon, ſir; you ſhall have them with all expedition.---Mercy on me! a couple of ducks and a peck of peas for himſelf only! he muſt have an enormous ſtomach to deſpatch them. (*Aſide*) Pray, ſir, are you come to drink the waters?

Jos. Confound your waters!---do I look like a water drinker?

Land. Sir, I am ſorry you ſhould take it amiſs. I only thought you might have come, like other gentry to ſpend the ſeaſon.

Jos. Confound your thoughts and your ſeaſons too---all ſeaſons are alike to me; only let me deſire you'll take care my ducks are well ſeaſoned.---In the firſt place, ſhew me a room above, fellow.

Land. This way, ſir, if you pleaſe.

SCENE II.

THE KITCHEN.

Two Waiters.

Harry. A very ſtrange fellow this that's juſt alighted; I'll warrant he's ſome upſtart or another; fluſh of money for the preſent, and conſequently fluſh of pride. However, I ſhall pay him the leſs reſpect for thoſe fine airs he gives himſelf.

Tom. And ſo ſhall I---unleſs I thought he would come down handſomely at parting; but that is hardly to be expected from ſuch as he.

Har. It is the moderate people, Tom, ſuch as are good-humoured, who ſpeak civilly to you for what they want, that are of the moſt generous principles; there is a ſecret pleaſure in waiting upon ſuch.

Tom. Aye, that is true;---whilſt the proud, ſurly, moroſe fellow, not only gives

one a great deal of trouble, but uſes one ill into the bargain.

Har. I'll ſay with you, Tom. Why, dogs have better names and better uſage ſometimes than we have.

Tom. Why, aye---'tis a ſad life one leads amongſt ſuch, and only tolerable upon account of the perquiſites: and was it not for theſe, I would turn collier, and bid adieu to the face of day, ere I would attend them.

Har. It is really ſurpriſing to me that people ſhould put themſelves out of temper for mere trifles, and make themſelves and every one about them unhappy; when a mild behaviour,---a kind word or look,---would command our reſpect and ready attendance a thouſand times before all the moſt paſſionate actions and domineering expreſſions in the world. But here comes our maſter---this genius has put him in a very pretty huff already, I ſee.

Enter Landlord.

Land. Zounds! I have kept this houſe many years, and have had the greateſt

variety of gueſts, yet was never ſo bullied in all my life before. Here, Harry, bid the cook ſet a couple of the fatteſt ducks to the fire immediately, and help to ſhell a peck of peas. And do you, Tom, go and lay the cloth in the blue chamber for yonder haſty ſpark. (*Exeunt Waiters*). I am afraid he won't have patience till they are ready. Yet, though he's a great oddity, he ſeems very happy; he laughs, ſings, and whiſtles, till the houſe rings again.

Re-enter Harry.

Har. Sir, there is a carriage juſt come to the door, with a lady and gentleman; and by the luggage it looks as if they were come to make ſome ſtay.

Land. I ſhall attend them. *Exit.*

SCENE III.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Manly.

Land. Sir, and madam, you are heartily welcome to Harrogate. Would you chooſe any ſort of refreſhment after your journey?

Mrs. Man. Yes, landlord, and I care not how quickly, as I have not broken my faſt ſince noon. There is an agreeable ſavour comes from your kitchen; I think there muſt be either a gooſe or ducks roaſting, and a little of either would be very acceptable to me.

Land. You judge very right, madam; there are a couple of very fine ducks at the fire, but they are for a gentleman above ſtairs.

Mrs. Man. What, is the gentleman alone, and hath he ordered the ducks and peas for himſelf only?

Land. Yes, madam, and I muſt own his orders rather ſurpriſed me. I only aſked him if he expected more company, as I thought a couple of ſuch fat ducks as mine ſomething extravagant for one perſon,---when he flew into a violent paſſion; told me, if he had a mind to order a dozen, provided he paid for them, what was that to me?

Mr. Man. He was right there, landlord; yet I think he can't have any objections to a companion or two to partake with him: ſo we would wiſh you to go with our compliments to him, and acquaint him that a gentleman and lady, juſt arrived, will do themſelves the honour to ſup with him, if he pleaſes. In the mean time we will take a walk into your garden.

Land. Very well, ſir, I'll wait upon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

Joseph discovered lolling upon a Settee, ſinging.

Toll loll de roll loll---So far, ſo well, this is life as long as it laſts. I can enjoy myſelf now, however, without being always upon the mechanic order, like a horſe in a mill. (*Twirling his hat about.*) This hat is the very thing, the bon ton as I may ſay.---I think my money well beſtowed in the purchaſe. I would not have been without it upon any account, and value it above anything I can name, excepting---aye, let me ſee,---excepting ducks and green peas, and they are incomparable things, and of which I ſhall have my belly full preſently. Egad! I will live in clover to-night. By Jupiter! I wiſh they were ready---I am pretty ſharp ſet---and theſe people are con-

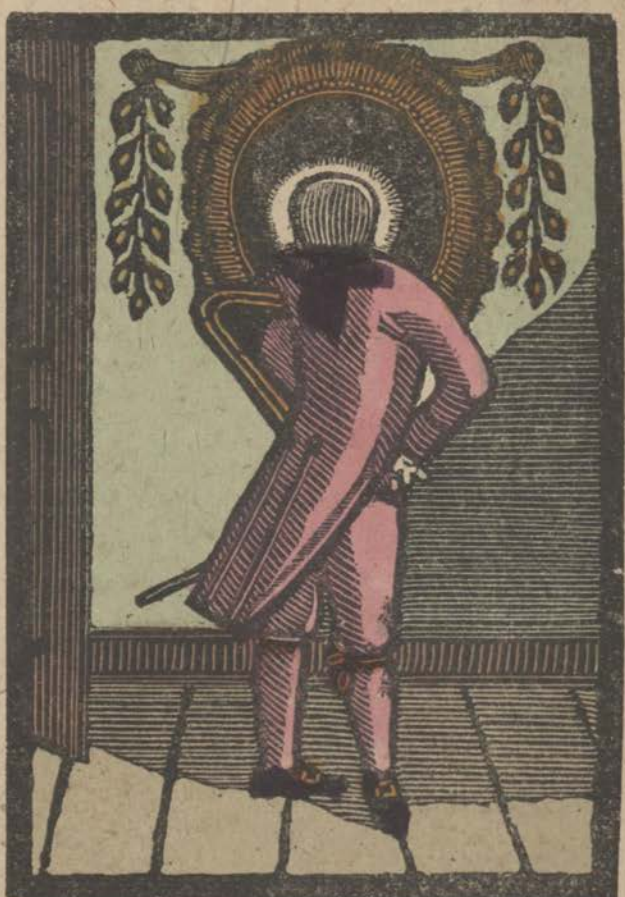
founded tedious.---O! here comes Mr. Boniface. (*Enter Landlord.*) Well, fellow, is my ſupper ready yet?

Land. Very near, ſir---but, ſir, I hope you will not think me intruſive, when I am deſired to inform you, a gentleman and his lady, juſt alighted from their carriage, underſtanding you are alone, beg the favour to be permitted to join in company, and partake of your ſupper.

Jos. How, ſir, partake of my ſupper, ſay you? No, no,---no ſuch things. Dem me, I ordered it for myſelf; and I will have it for myſelf; and as I ſhall pay for what I order, let me be no more interrupted nor troubled with your impertinence, but begone, and haſten my ſupper.

Land. Yes, ſir.---Zoons! a proud fellow, a crabbed, proud, unmannerly fellow! (*Aſide and exit.*)

Jos. Sup with me, quotha---hold you there---as I ſtopped here with a full intention to indulge my appetite for once, I will admit of no interlopers, by Jupiter! a couple too! I thank you, Mr. Boniface,



Sweare not at alle not euen by
ye Holie Pokyrre.

for your ſtupid complimentary meſſage. Zoons! I ſhould not have ſo much as a rump, perhaps, for myſelf, if they are half ſo hungry as I am. No, no, by this hat, I'll take care of number one. Let me ſee, I fancy I ſhall lie in the next room, I'll ſee what ſort of a bed there is. (*Goes off ſinging.*)

SCENE V.

THE GARDEN.

Mr. and Mrs. Manly ſeated.

Mr. Man. Well, my dear, it is impoſſible to judge of the beauties of this village from the tranſient view we have had of it this evening; yet it ſeems to be very rural and pleaſant, though ſomething open and wild. How are you after your journey?

Mrs. Man. Pretty well, my dear; but I hope I ſhall be much better after a little ſupper---and here comes the landlord.

Enter Landlord.

Mr. Man. Well, landlord, have you delivered our meſſage to the gentleman, as we deſired?

Land. Yes, ſir, and I am both ſorry and aſhamed to tell you the event of it.

Mr. Man. Why, ſure he hath not had the ill manners to refuſe us, hath he?

Land. Too true, ſir, and in very rude terms too; he ſaid no perſon ſhould partake of his ſupper, but ſwore at my impertinence, as he ſtyled it.

Mr. Man. Why you really ſurpriſe me, landlord---he ſhows but ſmall ſigns of gentility by ſuch unmannerly behaviour. But perhaps he may think two too many to be admitted to ſup with him. For my own part I value not his ducks and peas a ruſh, I can ſup upon any thing elſe you have in the houſe; and were it not for the delay, I would order a freſh couple for ourſelves; but as Mrs. Manly wants her ſupper, and the ducks are almoſt ready, I think he cannot certainly be ſo very rude as to refuſe the company of a lady to ſup with him. Therefore for her ſake (for nothing elſe could induce me), I beg you will go again, and inform him, I requeſt that ſhe alone may be permitted to partake of his ſupper.

Land. Very well, ſir, I ſhall go, but I am greatly afraid, by the ſpecimen he has given, I ſhall be no better.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE VI.

THE BLUE CHAMBER.

A Table with the Cloth ſpread.

Jos. Toll loll de roll---Dem thoſe fellows! Here, landlord---waiter---houſe ---Why the plague don't you bring up ſupper? If it were not ſo late in the evening, by Jupiter, I would remove my quarters elſewhere. (*Enter Landlord.*) Well, fellow, why the plague do you come empty handed? Where's the ſupper?

Land. 'Tis juſt a coming up, ſir; but I beg your pardon for this ſecond interruption; the gentleman has ſent me again, to beg the favour you will admit his lady to your company and ſupper: as to himſelf, he doth not mind it, his concern is upon her account, ſir; and I really believe he

hath ſome reaſon, for ſhe is, I fancy, in a ſituation that requires ſome indulgence. Therefore in conſideration of the lady's condition, I hope I may have the pleaſure to return with a mild and complying anſwer from you.

Jos. I thought I had ſatisfied you ſufficiently before. Dem you, d'ye mean downright to affront me?---Either get along about your buſineſs, ſend up ſupper immediately, or I'll kick you down ſtairs, leave your troubleſome houſe, and never ſet my foot in it again! for I tell you poſitively, for the laſt time, were ſhe the queen herſelf, ſhe ſhould not ſup with me, you ſcoundrel! *Exit.*

Land. Confound the unmannerly fellow! I am aſhamed to think I have ſuch a brute in my houſe. *Exit.*

SCENE VII.

THE PARLOUR.

Mr. and Mrs. Manly.

Mrs. Man. I am ſorry, my dear, you ſhould give yourſelf and the landlord ſo much trouble on my account. I own, indeed, I had ſet my mind upon having ſome; or you know, my dear, I am not otherwiſe particular.

Mr. Man. 'Tis upon that very account, my dear, that I am ſo anxious, and ſhall be extremely chagrined to find you diſappointed; but he muſt be void of every generous and manly ſentiment and polite accompliſhment to refuſe you. But here comes the landlord to ſatisfy us; though, if I may judge by his countenance, it is worſe and worſe. Well,

landlord, have you had better ſucceſs this time?

Land. Quite the contrary, I do aſſure you, ſir; and it gives me great uneaſineſs to inform you, his behaviour was much more uncivil this time than before, and beg you'll excuſe me mentioning particulars, for I would not willingly ſhock your lady's delicacy with a repetition.

Mr. Man. Why, landlord, I confeſs you greatly amaze me. I am a gentleman of conſiderable fortune, and always found my company acceptable amongſt the beſt. I have not been uſed to a refuſal of this nature; and did I really know the perſon to be any thing of a gentleman (which I am confident he is not), I ſhould reſent his behaviour in a proper manner.---Pray what kind of a man is he?

Land. Why, ſir, the man is really perſonable, is genteelly dreſſed, and is, I think, naturally of a cheerful diſpoſition, though his carriage to me was ſo ſurly.---He has a very handſome gold-laced hat on, and which, indeed, he ſeems ſomehow to take a deal of pride in.

Mr. Man. Is there not a poſſibility to procure me a ſight of him, (unſeen myſelf), for I own his ſtrange uncivil conduct has greatly excited my curioſity.

Land. Yes, ſir, I think it may be done; ſupper is juſt going up, I will ſtep before and acquaint him, leave the door open, and if you follow me you will have the opportunity.

Mr. Man. Very well, I'll go with you. ---My dear, you'll ſtay here in the interim.

Mrs. Man. Certainly; but pray, my dear, don't be ſeen by him, I am afraid leſt the groſs affront he hath put upon you ſhould induce you to quarrel with him, and that would terrify me.

Mr. Man. O! be under no apprehenſions of that nature, I beg of you; for upon proper conſideration, he is too contemptible an object for my reſentment. *Exit with Landlord.*

SCENE VIII.

Joſeph lolling at eaſe and ſinging.

'Tis Riders only life enjoy,
They travel through the land;
Variety can never cloy,
All pleaſures they command.
Toll loll de roll.

They take great ſtate upon 'em
Where'er they are unknown,
And love what's magnum bonum,
Nor envy kings their crown.

'Tis true they're treated with neglect
Whilſt they remain at home;
But always meet with great reſpect
Whene'er abroad they roam.

Then who would not a Rider be,
To lead a life like this;
From every care and trouble free,
Enjoying earthly bliſs?

There's for you, ye parchment-bound 'prentices, ye hen-peck'd huſbands, ye gouty-footed drones! get a horſe like me, and travel from place to place, live like kings, and sup upon ducks and green peas, as I am going to do!

Enter Landlord.

(*Mr. Manly looking in at the door.*)

Land. Sir, I am come to ſee that all things are in order; your ſupper is coming up.

Jos. S'blood, ſir, if it does not, I ſhall be for going down to my ſupper, for you have been confoundedly tedious about it.

Land. Sir, I hope you'll find it ſo well done, as to make full amends for the delay.

Jos. I ſhall be glad if it proves ſo. (*Struts about and ſings.*)

Mr. Man. Sure I am not deceived! this muſt be my clerk.---(*Aſide.*) *Enters.*

Ha! Joſeph! my Lord Joſeph! is this you?---Ha, ha, ha!

Jos. O! the devil, my maſter! (*Aſide, and throwing away his hat.*) Sir,---I, I, I am glad to ſee your honour---indeed, I d, d, did not expect to ſee you here.

Mr. Man. No, I am certain you did not, or you would not have behaved in the manner you have done.---I am not altogether diſpleaſed you ſhould keep up the dignity of my houſe in a proper way; but you have moſt highly offended me, to find you capable of ſuch groſs diſreſpect to the fair ſex, whoſe company no man of the leaſt common ſenſe or decency would refuſe to accept of. What can you ſay for yourſelf in this reſpect?

Jos. Sir, I ſincerely beg pardon; if I had but had the leaſt notion it had been you or my lady, I ſhould never have done ſuch a thing, I do aſſure you.

Mr. Man. That I really believe, but you ſhould not have acted in ſo rude a manner to any one, when ſo civil a meſſage was ſent.

Jos. Sir, I own I put up here with

an intention of enjoying myſelf a little freely, as the only place I could properly do it at before my return home. In the towns where I had your buſineſs to tranſact, I always conducted myſelf with propriety, and I hope my accounts will entirely ſatisfy you upon inſpection.

Mr. Man. I don't in the leaſt diſpute it. I hope you will have no objection to your miſtreſs and me partaking of your ducks and green peas now?

Jos. O! certainly no, ſir, they are entirely at your honour's ſervice; I can ſubmit to humbler diet again, for all my late ſtately airs.

Mr. Man. No, Joſeph, no! you ſhall find I can bury my reſentment much quicker than you raiſed it; ſince you have provided the ſupper, you ſhall abſolutely ſit down with us. Go and endeavour to make peace with your miſtreſs, and deſire her to come upſtairs to ſupper.

Jos. I am glad it's no worſe---by Jupiter, I ſhall have ſome ducks and green peas yet. (*Aſide and exit.*)

Mr. Man. Well, landlord, you ſeem

ſomething amazed at this comical tranſaction.

Land. Truly, ſir, I can't ſay but I am.

Mr. Man. I would always wiſh my riders ſhould make an appearance to credit me when upon their journeys: it is not material to me what ſtate they take upon them at the inns they frequent, provided they are juſt and punctual in their accounts on their return home; and though this man hath given himſelf ſome extraordinary airs upon this occaſion, it is, on the whole, a very laughable affair, and I fancy Lord Joſeph with his ducks and green peas will be long remembered here. He is, notwithſtanding, a very valuable ſervant, and I have ever found him ſtrictly honeſt and diligent in his dealings with me and my numerous correſpondents; therefore, I ſhall excuſe his rather uncommonly rude behaviour for this time.

Enter Harry.

Har. Sir, the lady begs to be excuſed coming up---but deſires your company below; ſupper is on the table.

Mr. Man. Well, I ſhall attend her there. *Exeunt with Landlord.*

Enter Tom.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha !---upon my ſoul, the fineſt joke I ever enjoyed in my life !--- Who d'ye think, Harry, this pretty ſpark turns out to be ?

Har. Nay, that I can't tell ; but I have a ſhrewd gueſs he is no better than we both ſuppoſed him.

Tom. Right---this incomparable, bluſtering, hectoring, ſtrutting, ducks-and-green-peas genius, is no other than clerk and traveller to the gentleman and lady whom he refuſed to ſup with him.

Har. Well, I thought as much---Who the deuce would ever truſt appearances again after this ?

Tom. True---but I can't help laughing to think how, from the higheſt pinnacle of grandeur, this mighty hero is dwindled into plain Joe, the Newcaſtle Rider.---Ha, ha, ha !

Andrew Robinson

STONEY

BOWES

ESQUIRE;

MP &c.

good deal of

&c.

o

ANDREW ROBINSON STONEY BOWES.

THE following notice from the "Local Records of Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne" may, not inaptly, be quoted as a fitting introduction to the ſubject of the preſent memoir:---"Sept. 17th, 1760, died at his ſeat at Gibſide, George Bowes, Esq., of Streatlam and Gibſide, M.P. for the County of Durham, which he had repre-

ſented in the Parliaments of 1727, 1734, 1741, 1747, and 1754. On the 26th of this month his remains were depoſited in the family vault at Whickham, in a grand manner, there to remain till the chapel at Gibſide was finiſhed (the firſt ſtone of which had been laid a little before his death), then to be removed and placed in the vault intended for the future interment of his family. Mr. Bowes left an only daughter, Mary Eleanor, ſole heireſs to an eſtate of £600,000." She married John, ninth Earl of Strathmore, who aſſumed the name of Bowes, and died at Liſbon in 1776, leaving his Counteſs ſtill a young woman, with five children.

In addition to immenſe wealth the Counteſs was not only a pretty, lively, and very accompliſhed woman, but ſhe had the character of being literary, and with the recommendations of a fine houſe in Groſvenor Square, a houſe and extenſive gardens and conſervatories at Chelſea, her ſeats at Paul's-Walden, Gibſide, Barnard Caſtle, and the caſtles of Streatlam and Hilton, beſides lands in Middleſex,

numerous ſuitors ſoon appeared on the ſtage. The relater of this ſtrange hiſtory, Mr. Jeſſe Foot, ſurgeon of Stoney Bowes, ſays that ſhe was reputed to be the beſt female botaniſt of the time, and ſpent vaſt ſums in greenhouſes, conſervatories, and curious plants, at her houſe at Chelſea. Her houſe in Groſvenor Square was the reſort of many literary and ſcientific men, and in particular of naturaliſts. Mr. Foot deſcribes her at that time as ſcarcely thirty years of age. "She poſſeſſed a very pleaſing *embonpoint.* Her buſt was uncommonly fine. Her ſtature was rather under the middle claſs; her hair brown; her eyes light, ſmall, and ſhe was near-ſighted. Her face was round; her neck and ſhoulders graceful; her lower jaw rather underhanging, and which, whenever ſhe was agitated, was moved very uncommonly, as if convulſively from ſide to ſide. Her fingers were ſmall, and her hands exceedingly delicate."

With great accompliſhments, and the knowledge of many languages, ſhe became by her poſition the centre of a ſet of

baſe flatterers and deſigners; and the live-lineſs of her diſpoſition led her into follies and extravagances that might have taken effect in a ſtronger and wiſer woman. She had troops of learned pretenders, and even pretending domeſtics about her. Soon after her huſband's death, a Mr. Gray, who had a fortune in the Indies, aimed at her hand, and became an accepted ſuitor; but Stoney Robinſon appeared on the ſcene. Mr. Gray ſoon was driven from the field, and the Counteſs became the victim of the moſt perfect villain which modern times can boaſt of.

This Andrew Robinſon Stoney was a lieutenant in the army. He had been ſtationed at Newcaſtle-on-Tyne, and there contrived to win the hand of a Miſs Newton, only child of William Newton, of Burnopfield, in the county of Durham, who inherited about £30,000. He ſoon haſtened her out of the world by ſuch ingenious proceſſes as pitching her head-long down a flight of ſtairs, ſhutting her up in a cloſet in her chemiſe (ſome ſay without it) for three days, and feeding her

on an egg a-day, and by other modes of torture, mental and phyſical, of which he was an eminent maſter. Foot deſcribes him at the time he firſt knew him thus :---
"The perſon of Bowes was rather in his favour, and his addreſs was probably, when young, captivating. His ſpeech was ſoft; his height more than five feet ten; his eyes were bright and ſmall---he had a perfect command over them. His eye-brows were low, large and ſandy; his hair light; and his complexion ruddy. His ſmile was agreeable; his wit ready; but he was always the firſt to laugh at what he ſaid, and forced others to laugh alſo; his converſation was ſhallow, his education was bare, and his utterance was in a low tone, and liſping. There was ſomething uncommon in the connection of his noſe with his upper lip. He could never talk without the noſe, which was long, and curved downwards, being alſo moved ridiculouſly with the upper lip."

Having, as we have ſeen, diſpoſed of his firſt wife, he was on the look-out for another, if poſſible with a better fortune,

in the meantime amuſing himſelf by the uſual routine of men of pleaſure---in gaming, cock-fighting, horſe-racing, watering-places, and the petty clubs in St. James's.

The gay widow of Groſvenor Square now attracted his attention, and he determined to make a bold ſtroke for ſo tempting a prize. The mode by which he ſet about this was one of the moſt remarkable and inſpired efforts of demoniacal genius. He firſt of all ſtormed the ſtreet-door and ante-chamber, cultivated the acquaintance of certain members of her houſehold, corrupted them, and engaged them in his cauſe. The family conſiſted of the Counteſs, Mrs. Pariſh, the governeſs of the children, Miſs Eliza Planta, ſiſter to the governeſs, confidante to the Counteſs, and the Rev. Mr. Stephens, juſt then about to be married to Miſs Eliza Planta, both in the intereſt of Bowes. The chief viſitors of the family were Mr. Magra, a botaniſt, and a friend of Dr. Solander, and Mr. Matra, a conſul at Barbary. Theſe, beſides accidental viſitors, were the *dramatis per-*

ſonæ at the Temple of Folly in Groſvenor Square.

Thus, by flattery, by gallantry, by every poſſible means, Bowes made his way to the Counteſs through her creatures. His connection in Durham, by his marriage with Miſs Newton, afforded him a plea of introduction to the Countess's houſe. He had no occaſion to ſay who he was, if he could once get in and obtain an audience in Groſvenor Square. To accompliſh this object, he reſted not a moment. He made all the male literati his friends, and ſecured the ſmiles of the female. The Countess's companion, Eliza, was propitious to him, and every ſtratagem that the ingenuity of man or woman could deviſe was reſorted to until he ſucceeded in becoming one of her circle, when he progreſſed rapidly. Perceiving that ſhe was of a romantic and viſionary turn of mind, he got a conjuror tutored to his wiſhes, and planned with Miſs Planta a party in which the Counteſs was to be included, to have their fortunes told. He cauſed letters to be ſent to the Counteſs with the Durham poſtmark on

them, purporting to be from a lady, who complained that for the ſake of the Counteſs he had forſaken her. In theſe letters, ſuſpicion was hinted that Mr. Gray, the accepted lover, was in the intereſt and ſupported in his wiſhes by the relatives of the late Earl of Strathmore, which above all was calculated to alarm the Counteſs, and excite a jealouſy of their interference; and though theſe ſchemes ſucceeded in a meaſure to the extent of his wiſhes, the maſter-ſtroke was yet to come.

Whilſt he had been making theſe advances, a ſweeping attack had appeared in the *Morning Poſt* on the character, purſuits, and aſſociates of the Counteſs. Her whole life was analyſed and expoſed to the public, with the moſt malicious and irritating exaggerations. Vindications were made by her friends. A vehement and continued correſpondence took place. Public attention was attracted, and the friends of the late Lord Strathmore ſecretly rejoiced in it, becauſe they hoped it would prevent her marrying again; a

ſtep which, on account of the vaſt property in her own power, they exceedingly dreaded. Thus the controverſy grew louder, and the attacks on the character of the Counteſs grew ſo intolerable that ſhe declared that whoever would avenge her, by challenging and fighting the editor of that paper, ſhould be rewarded with her heart and hand. At this criſis Andrew Robinſon Stoney, who was the ſecret aſſailant, now dexterouſly wheeled round and challenged the unwary editor, who had been his tool, fought him, contrived to be wounded, as well as to wound in the affair, and received from the grateful and unſuſpecting Counteſs her hand at the altar, as a reward for his gallantry.

Thus this adventurer, by one of the moſt

artful and audacious ſchemes, ſtepped into the poſſeſſion of a ſplendid fortune, the enjoyment of the ſole daughter, caſtles, and wide eſtates of an ancient and illuſtrious line. Having gratified his vanity by remaining a while in town, where the viſits of congratulation on his marriage were like a levee, where cards in heaps were left by viſitors in coaches, on horſeback, and on foot, he proceeded to the north to rejoice in his newly acquired eſtates. Scarcely had he arrived there, when the greedy eye of the adventurer fell on the ſplendid woods of Gibſide, which were at once doomed to the axe.

He felled large quantities of timber, but merchants refuſed to purchaſe it, and it lay and rotted on the ground. His career was now ſuch as might be expected ---extravagance and expenſe, tyranny and meanneſs. He got into Parliament for Newcaſtle; he became high ſheriff for the county; he attempted to rival in ſplendour the ancient nobility, at the ſame time that he was employing all his arts to raiſe money, and to draw his friends, bankers,

anybody into his meſhes to make a profit of them.

After having given a few parliamentary dinners to ſome of the members and his acquaintances, he quitted his houſe in Groſvenor Square, and took up his reſidence at hotels. As to what he did in Parliament, there can be no trace, for he only gave ſilent votes. He had been fortunate in having ſerved the office of ſheriff juſt in time to be choſen, in 1780, a member for Newcaſtle; and it is beyond queſtion, that he meditated ſtanding for the county at a future time, and had got ſome ſtrong intereſt on his ſide. He had alſo made the purchaſe of the Benwell eſtate, from the family of Shafto; but this could not have diſtreſſed him much, as he mortgaged it deeply; and this he contrived to keep to the day of his death, though from that time to this he raiſed money upon the plea of loſing it.

He parted with everything he could in town, ſold Chelſea Houſe, and took the family plate into his own poſſeſſion. He raiſed £30,000 upon annuities. He in-

ſured the life of the Counteſs only for a year or two at moſt, by which he ſquandered away vaſt ſums. He went directly down to Gibſide, and cut down the timber; the neighbours would not buy it; the felled timber lay upon his hands. He got the nomination of ſheriff; he opened early his canvaſs for Newcaſtle, kept open houſe, and entertained the heads of that town at Gibſide.

His dinners were good, and his table enriched by maſſive plate; but there was always a ſmack of mean ſplendour about him, as he did not purchaſe one ſingle new carriage, and his coach-horſes, originally of high value, were never in good condition. He took a chaplain into his houſe, and always had ſomebody about him whom he made a butt of.

The expenſes he incurred by his ſhrievalty, by his election and horſe-racing, by his inſurances and the purchaſe of Benwell, kept him in a conſtant diſtreſs for money; and at the very time when he wrote adulatory letters to his friend, that he never ſhould be happy till he was

out of debt, and had ſome to the good, he went upon the turf and into an election. His letters were literally the letters of a hypocrite. He got as much from his banker as he could, and when he could get no more, he abuſed him. He ſold a friend an eſtate at a cheap rate, but a claim remaining upon it, the bargain was all on Bowes's ſide.

Such was Bowes, and his general tranſactions; but all this while what was his conduct to the Counteſs---to her who had unwiſely, but ſtill moſt kindly, admitted him to a ſphere and a fortune far beyond his juſt expectations? It may well be ſuppoſed that ſuch a man would not be more exemplary in his attentions and his gratitude to her, than he was commendable in his other proceedings; but Bowes was---

"A tyrant to the weak, and a coward to the ſtrong."

He was ſuch a man as Shelley deſcribes in "Roſalind and Helen," at whoſe approach the very children fell into ſilence

in the midſt of their play, and who clapped their hands and danced when they heard that he was dead. He poſſeſſed the art of tormenting as if he had learnt it under the perſonal and eſpecial inſtruction of the arch-fiend himſelf. While pretending great tenderneſs to this unhappy, but to him generous woman, he kept her as a boy keeps a young bird by the leg with a ſtring, and at every moment of his own wicked caprice, or of her apparent pleaſure, gave her a pluck. It is eaſier to imagine than to deſcribe all the ſecret villainies and degradations by which ſuch a tyrant can make every moment of a woman of feeling and refinement bitter as death. In the firſt place, Bowes carried on the moſt licentious intercourſe with women of all kinds on all ſides. He ſeduced almoſt every maid-ſervant, and all the farmers' daughters that he could. He expended on other women great ſums in jewellery and other extravagances; and cared not how much of all this came to the knowledge of his wife. In order to ſilence her, and to hold her *in terrorem*, as

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well as to provide himſelf with a weapon againſt her, ſhould ſhe at any time be driven by deſperation to ſeek the protection of the law againſt him, he reſorted to means which only ſuch an accompliſhed ſcoundrel could imagine.

He compelled his wife to write, or wrote it for her, the "Confeſſions of the Counteſs of Strathmore," in which he made her draw the ſtrangeſt picture imaginable of herſelf and her life before her marriage with him. That any woman of education would voluntarily thus ſketch out a confeſſion of the groſſeſt infamy againſt herſelf, is beyond all conception; and who can ſay what were the ſecret tortures by which this hiſtory of ſhame was wrung from this miſerable woman, when withdrawn to one of his ſecret retreats, by the man who had ſhut up his former wife for three days, and fed her on an egg a day? Who can even ſhape to himſelf the long and ſoul-killing indignities which ſuch a monſter would compel his victim to undergo, in order to effect his diabolical purpose? It is not men-

tioned by Mr. Foot,. but we have heard it ſtated by others, that one means employed by him was to encloſe the Counteſs's hair, which was long and very fine, in a cheſt, and locking it down, keep her thus confined in a lying poſture till her will gave way to his diabolical wiſhes! Certain it is that he accompliſhed his end. The "Confeſſions" were written; and were, ſays Foot, "laid behind his pillow by night, and read by him in ſcraps for his purpoſes by day. He got them by heart; they formed part of his travelling equipage to Paris and everywhere elſe. They were a treaſure which he hugged to his boſom, and brooded over with a rancorous rapture." Nor did he forget, at the neceſſary moment, to hand them into a public court of law againſt his wife.

Mr. Foot thus deſcribes the Counteſs, ſix years after her marriage to Bowes: "The Counteſs, whom I had not ſeen for ſome time, appeared wonderfully altered and dejected. She was pale and nervous, and her under jaw conſtantly moved from ſide to ſide. If ſhe ſaid any-

thing, ſhe looked at him firſt. If ſhe was aſked to drink a glaſs of wine, ſhe took his intelligence before ſhe anſwered. She ſate but a ſhort time at dinner, and then was out of my ſight. I did get one morning's walk with her and Mr. Harriſon, into the once beautiful pleaſure-garden, where, in ſpite of the ruinous ſtate of it, much was left for admiration; becauſe the taſte which gave it a creation was not as yet totally obliterated.

"The Counteſs pointed out to us the concern ſhe had formerly taken in the ſhrubs, the flower-beds, the lawns, the alcoves, and the walks of this moſt delectable receſs---(Paul's Walden). She even pointed out the aſſiſtance her own hand had lent to individual articles. In obſerving her during the converſation, the agitation of her mind was apparent by the action of her mouth. She would look for ſome time, heſitate, and then her under-jaw would act in that convulſive manner, which abſolutely explained her ſtate of melancholy remembrance beyond all other proofs abſtracted knowledge could con-

firm, or technical teachers could demonſtrate."

Was there ever a more perfect delineation of the effects of thoſe horrors which are, in many a ſolitary nook of affluence, perpetrated by men-monſters, on that delicate, ſhrinking, fond, faithful thing, often too forgiving, and often wondrous in patient endurance, called---a wife? Many ſuch a ſcene could we draw forth from the annals of old Halls, that would

"Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheeks;"

but none more perfect in its kind than the hiſtory of Stoney Bowes and his victim, the Counteſs of Strathmore. At this very time, there was a child or children, which ſhould have melted the heart of the ſcoundrel, if it had not been harder than the nether millſtone, and have made it feel one ſenſation of affection, at leaſt towards her who had endowed him with ſuch magnificent gifts. But the wretch was one of Satan's elect; and at this very time he had got a new man-cook, and was feaſting and giving entertainments to

the neighbours in grand ſtyle. Amongſt others was a moſt beautiful young woman, one of his farmer's daughters, whom he had ruined. Her mother and ſiſter came after dinner, *and they all drank tea with the Counteſs.*

One victim was but poor employment for Bowes. The Counteſs had five children by Lord Strathmore, and Bowes now ſet himſelf to torment the guardians by endeavouring to get them into his hands. The ſons were totally out of reach, but he hoped to be able to ſecure the two eldeſt daughters, Lady Maria Jane and Lady Anna Maria. To accompliſh this, he commenced his hypocritical whinings. All of a ſudden, he appeared to be ſo tender, ſo alarmed about the decay of the Counteſs's health, and the inward pinings, pangs, and ſufferings of her peace of mind, that he actually ſucceeded in getting one of the daughters into his poſſeſſion, and the other had a narrow eſcape. This eſcape was owing to the firmneſs and prudence of the guardians. They had permitted the young lady to go to the

houſe, on the plea that the very life of the Counteſs depended on ſeeing her children; and there ſhe was ſpeedily abſtracted from her attendants; they looked out, and it was only by raiſing a ſpeedy and thorough alarm that ſhe was regained. With the other Bowes made off to Paris, taking the Counteſs along with him. His correſpondence, and his endeavours to move the Court of Chancery in his favour, by his hypocritical lamentations over the Counteſs are very curious, but they did not avail; he was compelled to reſtore the young lady to her proper protectors, and in no hands could the Counteſs have more dreaded their being than in thoſe of Bowes. In this cauſe he employed the profeſſional powers of the greateſt lawyers of their time---Erſkine, Scott, and Law, afterwards Lords Erſkine, Eldon, and Ellenborough. The time was, however, now arriving for the occurrence of more ſtriking events in this ſtrange hiſtory. The continued cruelties of Bowes at length rouſed the mind of the unhappy Counteſs to a paroxyſm of deſperation, and ſhe

determined to eſcape from him and throw herſelf under the protection of the laws. The ſtrict watch which he and his ſatellites conſtantly maintained over her, was happily broken in upon by his going out to dine at Captain Armſtrong's, in Percy Street. The Counteſs had, at length, found a maid who was not to be corrupted by Bowes, but conceived a deep compaſſion for her unhappy lady. The Counteſs and ſhe had long planned and concocted an eſcape; the opportunity ſeemed to have arrived. The male ſervants were deſpatched on ſome errand or other. He who was appointed more expreſsly to watch her was ſent to the ſtationer's for ſome book of amuſement for the Counteſs to read, in the abſence of Bowes. Some doors were locked that it might not too ſoon be found out that ſhe was gone; and thus they ſtole out of the houſe and got, undiſcovered, into Oxford Street, where they had to wait a conſiderable time, no coach being upon the ſtand. They were in the greateſt danger, as Bowes had been appriſed the moment

their eſcape was diſcovered, and they had ſcarcely got into a coach, when as they came oppoſite to Berner's Street, they ſaw him in a hackney-coach driving very faſt, with his head out and without his hat. Providentially he ſaw them not; but the eſcape was ſo narrow, that the Counteſs, in her low ſtate of health, and from the lively imagination in her mind of the miſery which threatened her if retaken, fell into hyſterics, and was with difficulty perſuaded that ſhe was ſafe, and out of his power.

She was conducted to Mr. Shuter's, the barriſter, in Curſitor Street; and an apartment was taken for her in Dyer's Buildings. Bowes, in the meantime, loſt not a moment in inquiry and purſuit. On receiving the news of what had happened, he had run out into Oxford Street without his hat, and driven off in a hackney-coach. He was not long in ferreting out her retreat, but it was not before ſhe had exhibited articles of the peace in the Court of King's Bench againſt him for ill-treatment of her perſon, and was put under the protection

of the Court. But Bowes was not daunted by that; he took lodgings in the ſame ſtreet, and watched her as a cat watches a mouſe, ready to pounce upon her. "All the foul-weather birds," ſays Foot, "were hovering about his diſtreſſed houſe in Groſvenor Square. There uſed to come, one after another, ſuch a draggled-tailed ſet as are ſeen in wet weather canvaſſing about at elections. A more pitiable object was never beheld than Bowes. His mind was every moment upon ſome new device; and although he had more than a dozen engines at work, not one of them knew what the other was about. He appealed vehemently, as an injured man, to the Courts of Chancery, of King's Bench, and even to Doctors' Commons. He had, however, employment enough of itſelf to bribe all the maid-ſervants and others whom he had ruined, to ſilence the cries of their diſtreſſed children, and to keep hunger and ruin out of the way of any honeſt juſtification and ſtrong temptation; but in ſpite all this, there were ſufficient who found their way to Doctors' Commons to anſwer the Counteſs's purpoſe."

The Counteſs had gone off in ſuch haſte that ſhe ſcarcely took more things with her than ſhe had on her back, leaving behind all her jewels and everything, to ſecure only the greateſt jewel of all---ſafety from his tyranny. The proofs that were exhibited againſt him in Court were of the moſt horrid kind, and to feel the force of them, we muſt recollect the rank and ſenſitive mind of the Counteſs, what ſhe had done for Bowes, and that theſe inflictions had been the ordinary treatment of long years. They conſiſted in "beating, ſcratching, biting, pinching, whipping, kicking, impriſoning, inſulting, provoking, tormenting, mortifying, degrading, tyranniſing, cajoling, deceiving, lying, forcing, ſtarving, compelling, and a new torment, wringing of the heart." To all theſe allegations Bowes had little to oppoſe, except thoſe precious confeſſions which he had had manufactured expreſsly for such an emergency, and which he put into the hands of his proctor to make the moſt of.

All this time, however, Bowes kept a ſharp eye on his victim. She moved from

reſidence to reſidence to elude him; he ſtill diſcovered her and took his lodgings at hand. Her laſt remove was into Bloomsbury Square, and here he reſolved to corrupt the conſtable whom the Court had appointed to guard her. This man, Lucas, was a highly reſpectable man, in whom the Court had high confidence, but Bowes did not deſpair of winning him over. "He found out where his wife and family lived; he gratified all their immediate wants. He made himſelf an injured man; he produced his credentials, 'The Confeſſions'; and by time, and cloſe attention, ſoon got the wife and her viſitors on his ſide. 'Sure he is a charming man, and 'tis a ſhame he ſhould be ſo uſed. He is as mild and as meek as a lamb, and as good and generous as a prince. One of my children was ill, he ſaw it every day, nurſed it, and gave it the medicines himſelf.'" Lucas was ſoon a loſt man; and the plan to carry off the Counteſs was ſettled. The following is the narrative of this ſingular tranſaction from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of December, 1786.

"Some weeks previous to the day of carrying into execution the conſpiracy formed againſt her, ſeveral ſuſpicious perſons were ſeen lurking about her ladyſhip's houſe in Bloomſbury Square; and the ſame perſons were obſerved frequently to follow the carriage, ſometimes in hackney-coaches and ſometimes on foot. Her ladyſhip was not wholly unappriſed of their attendance, nor unapprehenſive of their deſigns; but to counteract their meaſures, ſhe took into her weekly pay one Lucas, a conſtable, to keep a conſtant eye on her carriage whenever ſhe went out, and never to be out of call.

"This man, on the 10th November, inquired of the coachman, as his cuſtom was, if his lady went out that day, was anſwered in the affirmative, and received orders to attend between one and two in the afternoon. About that time her ladyſhip had buſineſs at Mr. Forſter's, in Oxford Street; and, for company, took Mr. Farrer, brother to her ſolicitor, and her maid, Mrs. Morgan, in the coach with her. In their way they met with no interruption; but

they had ſcarce been five minutes in the houſe of Mr. Forſter, before ſome of thoſe perſons came into the ſhop who had been marked as above, and were well-known to her ladyſhip.

"Being much alarmed at their appearance, ſhe withdrew to an inner room and locked the door, requeſting Mr. Forſter at the ſame time to go privately and procure aſſiſtance, to be in readineſs for her protection, in caſe any violence ſhould be offered to her perſon.

"Mr. Forſter had ſcarce left the houſe when the conſtable, whoſe buſineſs it was to watch the motions of his lady, went up and tapped at her room door, and by telling her his name, obtained immediate admittance. Interrogating him as to his buſineſs, ſhe was ready to ſink when ſhe was told that her ladyſhip was his priſoner ---that a warrant had been put into his hands---that he muſt do his duty, but that it was rather fortunate for her ladyſhip, as he would take her before Lord Manſfield at Caen Wood, who, no doubt, would fruſtrate all the wicked purpoſes

of her enemies, and take her under his own immediate protection. With this artful tale, in the then ſtate of her mind ſhe was eaſily prevailed upon to ſtep again into her coach, as Mr. Farrer was permitted to accompany her. The moment ſhe was ſeated her ſervants were all diſcharged by a pretended order from her ladyſhip, a confederate coachman mounted the box, and a new ſet of attendants, all armed, ſurrounded the coach. In this manner they proceeded, without noiſe or interruption, till they reached Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which ſtood Mr. Bowes, who, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Farrer, very civilly requeſted to change places with him, and then ſeated himſelf at the right hand of his lady, who was no longer in doubt as to his deſign. The coachman was now ordered to proceed, and to quicken his pace.

"Mr. Farrer being now at liberty, made all poſſible haſte to London, and application was immediately made to the Court of King's Bench, in order to effect a

reſcue. On Monday, the 10th, two of Lord Mansfield's tipſtaffs ſet off for that purpoſe to the north. In the meantime Mr. Bowes continued his journey.

"At Barnet, freſh horſes were ready to put to, and a poſt-chaiſe and four, with ſome accomplices, were in waiting to attend. Though the windows of the coach were broken, and the lady in the coach appeared in great diſtreſs, yet not the leaſt effort was made to interrupt their progreſs; and it was not until the next day at noon, when a ſervant of Mr. Bowes arrived at the Angel Inn, at Doncaſter, a hundred and ninety-five miles from London, and ordered horſes to be put to his maſter's coach, that we have any account of their further proceedings. In half-an-hour the coach ſtopped in the ſtreet; and while the horſes were changing, Mr. Woodcock, the maſter of the inn, handed ſome cakes to Mr. Bowes, which Mr. Bowes preſented to the lady, but whether ſhe accepted them or not he could not poſitively aſſert. The moment the horſes were in harneſs they purſued

their courſe northward; and the next notice that we have of them was at Branſby Moor, where the lady was ſhown into a room, attended by a chambermaid, and guarded by Mr. Bowes, who haſtened her return, and ſeemed all impatience till ſhe was again ſeated in the coach.

"What further paſſed till they arrived at Streatlam Caſtle, in the principality of Durham, remained a ſecret till her ladyſhip's arrival on Tueſday, the 21ſt of November, in the evening, at the houſe of Meſſrs. Farrer and Lacey, on Bread Street Hill. The detail ſhe then gave of her ſufferings, during the eleven days of abſence, was truly pitiable:---At the time of taking her away, the confederates were all armed; that, as they drove along, Mr. Bowes endeavoured to perſuade her to ſign a paper, to ſtop proceedings in the Eccleſiaſtical Court, and to conſent to live under the name and character of his wife ---both which ſhe poſitively refuſed to do; that he then beat her on the face and body with his clenched fiſts; that, when ſhe attempted to cry out, he thruſt a

Reader-ifwed-thys Sculpture I'd commend:
Yn Sunshine
vse ye brushie parte-yn Storms yo othyr ende.

handkerchief into her mouth; that, on the moſt trifling contradiction, while on the road, he beat her with the chain and ſeals of his watch on the naked breaſt; and that, when provoked by her firmneſs, he preſented a loaded piſtol to her head, and threatened her life, if ſhe did not inſtantly ſign the paper, but this ſhe was determined never to do.

"Being arrived at Streatlam Caſtle, he then endeavoured to perſuade her to take upon her the government of the family, and to act in every reſpect as his wife, which ſhe ſtill moſt ſolemnly refuſed to do. On which, in a glow of paſſion, he pulled out a piſtol, bid her ſay her prayers, and, with a trembling hand, preſented it to her head. This, too, failing of effect, he violently beat her, then left her, and ſhe ſaw no more of him for a whole day; when coming up to the room rather more calm than uſual, he aſked her if ſhe was not yet reconciled to a dutiful domeſtic life? and, being anſwered with ſome aſperity, he flew into a more violent paſſion than ſhe had ever yet ſeen him, pulled out his

piſtol, bid her ſay her laſt prayers---ſhe did ſay her prayers, and then bid him fire!

"By this time the country began to be alarmed for her, and Bowes for his own ſafety. He therefore, in order to cover his eſcape, and keep her ſtill in his power, ordered two of his domeſtics to be dreſſed ſo as to perſonate himſelf and her ladyſhip, and to ſhow themſelves occaſionally before the windows to appeaſe the populace, and to deceive his purſuers. This ſtratagem had its full effect; the people were quiet while they thought her ladyſhip was ſafe; and the ſheriff's officers who were ſent to execute the attachment, actually ſerved it on the wrong perſons; while, in the meantime, Bowes took her out a back way, dragged her, between ten and eleven o'clock, in the dark, to a little cottage in the neighbourhood, where they ſpent the remainder of the night, and where he behaved to her in a manner ſhocking to the delicacy of civilized life, reiterating his threatenings, and, finding threats in vain, throwing her on the bed, and flogging her with rods.

"On leaving the cottage in the morning, he had her ſet on horſeback behind him, without a pillion, and took her over diſmal heaths and trackleſs wilds, covered with ſnow, till they came to Darlington, to the houſe of Mr. B., an attorney, where ſhe was ſhut up in a dark room, and where ſhe was threatened (a red-hot poker being held to her breaſt) with a mad doctor and ſtrait-waiſtcoat; but all in vain.

"The hour of deliverance drew near. Hither they had been tracked, and here it was no longer ſafe for Bowes to continue; he therefore ſet out with her before day, in the ſame manner that he brought her, taking her over hedges and ploughed fields, till, being ſeen by the huſbandmen at work, he was ſo cloſely hemmed in, that an old countryman taking hold of his horſe's bridle, and Bowes preſenting his piſtol to frighten him, he was knocked down by a conſtable that was in purſuit of him, and felled to the ground with a hedge-ſtake.

"Seeing him in that poſition, her ladyſhip put herſelf under the protection of

the peace-officer, and being on horſeback, in a kind of womaniſh exultation, bid him farewell, and mend his life, and ſo left him weltering in his blood; while ſhe, with the whole country in her favour, made the beſt of her way to London, attended only by her deliverers, where ſhe arrived ſafe, as has already been ſtated.

"On Wednesday the 22nd, ſhe appeared in the Court of King's Bench, but the Court being up, no proceedings could that day be had on her caſe. The next day ſhe was again preſented to the Court; and as ſoon as the judges were ſeated, Mr. Law, her counſel, moved, 'That ſhe might exhibit articles of the peace againſt her huſband, A. R. Bowes.' The articles were read, and being ſworn to and ſigned, an attachment was immediately granted againſt Bowes.

"On the 27th, Bowes was produced in Court, to anſwer the articles. He was dreſſed in a drab-coloured great-coat, a red ſilk handkerchief about his head. He was ſupported by two men, yet nearly bent double with weakneſs, in conſequence

of his wounds. He frequently appeared on the point of fainting, and his appearance, on the whole, was the moſt ſqualid and emaciated that can poſſibly be imagined.

"The upſhot of this deſperate undertaking of Bowes was, that he was ſentenced to pay a fine of £300 to his Majeſty; to be impriſoned in the King's Bench for three years; at the end of that term to find ſecurity for fourteen years, himſelf in £10,000 and two ſureties of £5,000 each. Lucas, the conſtable, was juſtly ſentenced to a fine of £50, and three years' impriſonment in Newgate, and the other accomplices to proportionate puniſhment. The Counteſs obtained a ſentence of divorce from Doctors' Commons, and in her exultation at her liberation, wrote the following epitaph on the fallen villain, and ſent it by Lady Strathmore to Bowes in the King's Bench Priſon:

HERE RESTS,

Who never reſted before,
The moſt ambitious of men:

For he ſought not virtue, wiſdom, nor
Science, yet roſe by deep hypocriſy,
By the folly of ſome,
And the vice of others,
To honours which Nature had forbade,
And riches he wanted taſte to enjoy.
He ſaw no faults in himſelf,
Nor any worth in others.
He was the enemy of mankind;
Deceitful to his friends,
Ungrateful to his benefactors,
Cringing to his ſuperiors,
And tyrannical to his dependants.
If intereſt obliged him to aſſiſt
Any fellow-creature, he regretted the
Effect, and thought every day loſt
In which he made none wretched.
His life was a continual ſeries
Of injuries to ſociety;
Diſobedience to his Maker;
And he only lamented in deſpair

That he could offend them no longer.
He roſe by mean arts
To unmerited honours,
Which expire before himſelf.
Paſſenger! examine thy heart,
If in aught thou reſembleſt him;
And if thou doſt---
Read, tremble, and reform!
So ſhall he, who living
Was the peſt of ſociety,
When dead, be againſt his will
Once uſeful to mankind."

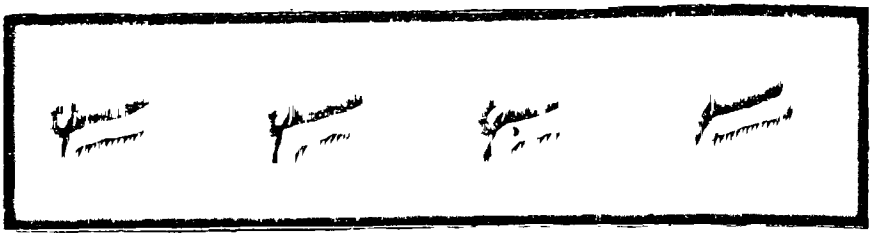
With this very pardonable act of triumph over her fallen tyrant, we may here leave this perhaps weak, but moſt unfortunate woman; a woman ſtill, with talents, accompliſhments, and endowments of mind, perſon, and eſtate, which would have made her under happier circumſtances an ornament to ſociety, and a bleſſing to thoſe about her. She ſurvived the recovery of her freedom about four years, and it is to

be hoped had learned in her misfortunes wiſdom enough to make thoſe cloſing years a period of peace and a pure hope in a better exiſtence. There is nothing in romance more wild, ſtrange, or harrowing, than the realities of her fearful exiſtence in the hands of Andrew Stoney Bowes. Had ſhe written her "Confeſſions" after this period, they would have conſtituted one of the moſt fearful and intereſting narratives of the ſenſations of a delicate nature and ſenſitive mind, under the Satanic power of a legal inquiſitor, that ever was penned. As it is, the glimpſes that we have of the inflictions and the degradations that ſhe had to endure, immured in ſolitary places with that arch-villain, and ſurrounded eternally by his creatures, male and female---what ſhe had to ſuffer in her own halls, and on her anceſtral hearth, the poſſeſſions of theſe mighty old warriors of many a generation, with which ſhe had endowed him; and his ſtrange flight with her, over heaths and mountains, over hedges and fields, in winter, in darkneſs, and in terror---now

mounted behind him with a blanket inſtead of a pillion, and now, with the piſtol at her head---romance has nothing like it, but what it muſt firſt borrow from ſuch ſcenes.

THE
Gloamin' buchte.

CIↃ.IↃ.CCC.LXXXIII.



THE

GLOAMIN' BUCHTE.

"In the Forest and around,
I wot not by what reason found,
There may a man the Fairies spy,
If Bretons do not tell a lie."—*Wace.*

"FAIRIES, they tell you, have frequently been heard and ſeen, nay, that there are ſome living who were ſtolen away by them and confined ſeven years. According to the deſcription they give who pretend to have ſeen them, they are in the ſhape of men, exceeding little. They are always clad in green, and frequent the woods and fields: when they make cakes (which is a work they have often been heard at), they are very noisy: and when they have done, they are full of mirth and paſtime.

"But generally they dance by moonlight

when mortals are aſleep and not capable of ſeeing them, as may be obſerved on the following morn, their dancing places being very diſtinguiſhable. For, as they dance hand-in-hand, and ſo make a circle in their dance, ſo next day there will be ſeen rings and circles on the graſs."---*Bourne.*

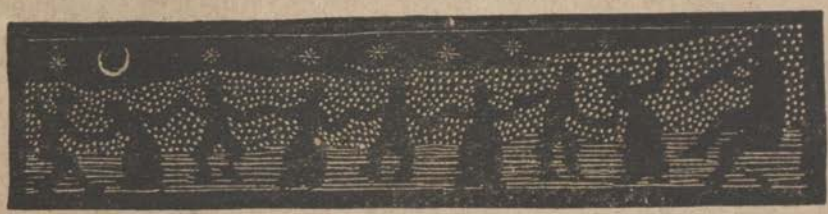
"ALL thoſe ſhapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and clothed in earthly mould;
Our ſouls, not yet prepared for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the ſhades of night" (*Dryden*).

"BY wells, and gills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guiſe:
And, to our Fairy King and Queen,
We chant our moonlight minſtrelſies:
When larks 'gin ſing,
Away we fling,
And babes new-born ſteal as we go,
An elf in bed
We leave inſtead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!'

THE following from White's MS. partially illuſtrates "The Gloamynge Buchte," which firſt appeared in a ſmall volume publiſhed at Jedburgh in 1824, entitled "Border Ballads, etc.," by James Telfer. "Speakin' o' Fairies," quoth Robie Oliver (an old ſhepherd, who lived at Southdean in Jedwater, and died about 1830), "I can tell ye about the vera laſt Fairy that was ſeen hereaway. When my Faither, Peter Oliver, was a young man he lived at Hyndlee, an' herdit the Brockalaw. Weel, it was the cuſtom to milk the yowes in thae days, an' my Faither was buchtin' the Brockalaw yowes to twae young, liſh, clever hizzies ae nicht i' the gloamin'. Nae little daffin' an' gabbin' gaed on amang the threeſome, I'ſe warrant ye, till at laſt, juſt as it began to get darkiſh, my Faither chancit to luik alang the lea at the head o' the bucht, an' what did he see but a wee little creaturie a' clad i' green, an' wi' lang hair, yellow as gowd, hingin' round its ſhoulders, comin' ſtraight for him, whiles gi'en a whink o' a greet, an' aye atween its hands raiſin' a queer, unyirthly

cry---"Hae ye ſeen Hewie Milburn? Oh! hae ye ſeen Hewie Milburn?" Inſtead of anſwering the creature, my Faither ſprang owre the buchte flake to be near the laſſes, ſaying, "Bliſs us a'---what's that?" "Ha, ha! Patie lad," quo' Beſſie Elliot, a free-ſpoken Liddeſdale hempy, "theer a wife com'd for ye the nicht, Patie lad." "A wife!" ſaid my Faither, "may the Lord keep me frae ſic a wife as that," an' he confeſſed till his deein' day, he was in ſic a fear that the hairs o' his heed ſtuid up like the birſes of a hurcheon. The creature was nae bigger than a three year auld laſſie, but feat an' tight, lith an' limb, as ony grown woman, an' its face was the downright perfection o' beauty, only there was ſomething wild an' unyirthly in its e'en, that couldna' be lookit at, faur leſs deſcribit: it didna' moleſt them, but aye taigilt on about the buchte, now an' then repeatin' its cry---"Hae ye ſeen Hewie Milburn?"---sae they cam' to nae ither concluſion than that it hed tint its companion. When my Faither an' the laſſes left the buchte, it followed them hame to

the Hyndlee kitchen, where they offered it yowe broſe, but it wad na' tak' onything, till at laſt a neer-do-weel callant made as if he wad grip it wi' a pair o' reed het tangs, an' it appeared to be offendit, an' gaed awa' doon the burnſide cryin' its auld cry, eerier an' waeſomer than ever, and diſappeared in a buſh o' ſeggs." (James Telfer, who reſided ſome time in Newcaſtle, died in 1862.)



THE ſun was reid as a furnace mouthe
As he ſank on the Ettricke hyll;
An' the gloamyn gatherit frae the eaſt,
The dowie warld to fill.

When bonnie Jeanie Roole ſhe milkit the yowes
I' the buchte aboon the Linne:
An' they were wilde an' ill to weare,
But the hinmoſt buchtfu' was in.

"Oh! milk them weel, my bonnie Jeanie Roole,"
The wilie ſhepherd did ſay,
"An' ſing to me 'The Keache i' the Creel,'
To put the time awaie."

"It's fer owre late at e'en, ſhepherd,"
Reply'd the maiden fair;
"The Fairies wad hear," quo' bonnie
Jeanie Roole,
"An' wi' loutin' my back is ſair."

He's ta'en her round the middle ſae ſma',
While the yowes ran by between,
An' out o' the buchte he's laid her down
All on the dewye greene.

The ſtar o' luve i' the eaſtern lift
Was the only e'e that ſaw---
The only tongue that they could heare
Was the Linn's deep murmurin' fa'.

Oh! who can tell of youthfu' luve?
Oh! who can ſing or ſay?
It is a theme for minſtrel mete,
An' yet tranſcends his lay.

It is a thraldom, well I weene
To hold the hearte in ſilke;
It is a draught to craze the braine,
Yet mylder than the milke.

"OH! ſing me the 'ſang, my bonnie Jeanie Roole---
Now, deareſt, ſing to me;
The angels will liſten at yon little holes,
An' witneſs my vowes to thee."

"I may na' refuſe," quo' bonnie Jeanie Roole,
"Sae weel ye can me winne:"
An' ſhe ſat in his airms an' ſweetly ſhe ſang,
An' her voice rang frae the Linne.

The liltings o' that ſilver voice
Might weel the wits beguile;
They clearer were than ſhepherd's pipe
Heard owre the hills a mile.

The liltin's o' that ſilver voice
That roſe and fell ſae free,
They ſafter were than lover's lute
Heard owre the ſleepin' ſea.

The liltin's o' that ſilver voice
Were melodie ſae true:
They ſprang up through the welkin wide
To the heaven's key-ſtane blue.

SING on, ſing on, my bonnie Jeanie Roole,
Sing on your ſang ſae ſweete:
"Now Chryſte me ſave!" quo' the bonnie lass,
"Whence comes that waeſome greete?"

They turned their gaze to the mournin' cleuch,
Where the greeting ſeemed to be,
An' there they ſaw a little greene bairn
Come owre the darkſome lea.

An' aye it raiſed a waeſome greet,
Butte, and an' eerie crie,
Until it cam' to the buchte fauld end
Where the winſome paire did lye.

It lookit around wi' its ſnail-cap e'en,
An' weſhit its hands i' the dewe,
Then turned to the lift its graſs-green face,
An' opened its goblin mou'.

An' it raiſed a youle ſae loude an' lang,
Sae yerliſh an' ſae ſhrill,
That it dirlit up through the twinklin' holes
The ſecond lifte until.

I TELL the tale as told to me,
I ſweare ſo by my faye:
An' whether or no of glamourie
In ſoothe I cannot ſay.

The youlin' yowte ſae yerliſh was,
Butte, an' ſae lang an' loude,
The riſin' moone lyke ſaffron grewe
An' holit ahint a cloude.

An' rounde the boddom o' the lifte
It rang the worild through,
An' boomed againſt the milky waie,
Afore it cloſed its mou'.

The neiſt it raiſed its note an' ſang
Sae witchingly an' ſweet,
The moudies poutelit oot o' the earth,
An' kiſſed the ſinger's feet.

The weazil dunne frae the auld grey cairn
The thieff foumart cam' nigh:
The hurcheon raxt his ſcory chafts
An' gapit wi' girnin' joy.

Jos. Crawhall jun.r
delt.

THE tod he cam' frae the ſcrethy holes,
An' courit fou' cunninglie:
The ſtinkin' brock wi' his lang lank lyſke
Shot up his gruntle to ſee.

The kid an' the marten ran a race
Amang the dewie ferne:
The maukin goggilt i' the ſinger's face
Th' enchantin' notes to learne.

The perte little eſkis curlit their tails,
An' dancit a mirthſome reel:
An' the tade held up hir auld dunne lufes,
She likit the ſang ſae weel.

The hern-ſeugh cam' frae the witch-peul tree
The howlet frae dead-wood howe:
An' the auld gray corbie hoverit abune
While teares down his cheekes did flow.

The yowes they lap oot owre the buchte,
An' ſkippit upp an' down:
An' bonnie Jeanie Roole i' the ſhepherd's armes
Fell back-oot-owre in a ſwoon.

IT might be glamourie or not---
In ſoothe I cannot ſay,
It was the witching time o' nicht,
The hour o' gloamin' gray,
An' ſhe that lay in her lover's airms
I wis was a weel-faured May.

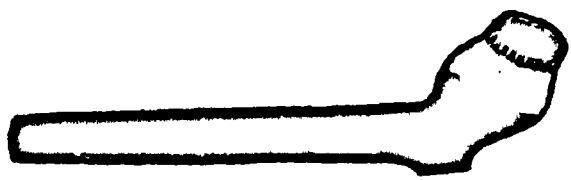
THE SANGE.

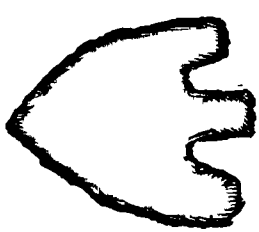
O where is tiny Hewe?
O where is little Lenne?
An' where is bonnie Lu?
An' Menie o' the Glen?

An' where's the place o' rest?
The ever changin' hame—
Is't in the gowan's breast
Or 'neath the bells o' faem?
Chorus—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, etc.

The fairest rose you'll find
May have a taint within—
The flower o' womankind
May ope her breast to sin.
The fox-glove cupp you'll bring,
The tayle o' shootin' sterne,
An' at the grassy ringe
We'll pledge the bluid o' ferne.
Chorus—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, etc.

And when the blushing moon
  Glides down the western skye,
By streamers wing, we soone
  Upon her top will lye:
Her hiest horne we'll ride
  An' quaffe her yellow dewe,
An' frae her skaddowy side
  The burnin' daie we'll viewe.
Chorus—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, etc.





[It is not intended to disturb the existing belief in Hawkins, Raleigh, or Drake—but these specimens, found in an English elf-hill, are manifestly of remote antiquity, and show every sign of considerable use.]

THE ſtrain roſe high---the ſtrain fell low,
Then fainted fitfully:
An' bonnie Jeanie Roole ſhe lookit up
The wild ſinger to ſee.

She lookit high to the bodynge hill,
An' laigh to the darklin' dene---
An' ſhe hearit the ſoundes ſtill ringin' i' the lifte.
But naething could be ſeen.

She held her breath wi' anxious care,
An' thocht it was a dream---
But an eerie nicher ſhe heard i' the Linne
An' a plitch-platch i' the ſtreame.

NEVER a word ſpak' bonnie Jeanie Roole,
But---" Shepherd let us gang :"
An' never mair, at a gloamin' buchte
Wad ſhe ſing another ſang.

Gathyrd ande newlie sett foorth with Titles, hede and tayle-peeces, ande barious Sculptures (othyr than those signed) curiouslie engraben by

JOSEPH CRAWHALL, OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,

(*Editor of the "Newcastle Fishers' Garlands;" Author of "The Compleatest Angling Booke," "Border Notes & Mixty-Maxty," "Chaplets from Coquetside," &c.*)

Imprynted att ye Leadenhall Presse, London, by FIELD & TUER, ande fynysshed thys XIV. daie of Februarie (being Sainct Valentyne hys daie) in the yere o thyn-carnacon of Oure Lorde

MDCCCLXXXIII.

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READ IT?
AH! —

PROSPECTUS.] [In One Thick 4to Vol. 25/.

As the many hundreds of illuſtrations are all hand-coloured, the iſſue is neceſſarily limited.

CRAWHALL'S

Chap-book Chaplets.

Adorn'd With ſutable SCVLPTVRES.

"I love a Ballad in print, a'life; for then we are ſure they are true."

Winter's Tale, Act iv., Sc. iii.

ANNO.M.DCCC.L.XXX.III.

LONDON:
Field & Tuer. Simpkin, Marſhall & Co. Hamilton, Adams & Co.
NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

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IV. Jemmy & Nancy of Yarmouth.
V. The Taming of a Shrew.
VI. Blew-cap for me.
VII. John & Joan.
VIII. George Barnewel.

Preſs Notices of ſome of Mr. Crawhall's earlier works.

"THE COMPLEATEST ANGLING BOOK THAT EVER WAS WRIT, &c."
Firſt edition, 1858. (Publiſhed at Two Guineas).

"A very curious & original work, partly hiſtorical & practical, partly legendary & poetical, & the illuſtrations, which are numerous, conſiſt of admirable etchings, woodcuts, deſigns coloured by hand, &c."

"We have ſeen a copy priced in a New York Bookſeller's Catalogue at £30."—*Weſtwood's Bibliotheca Piſcatoria*, 1861.

BORDER NOTES & MIXTY-MAXTY, 1880.

"An 'olla-podrida' of angling verſe & miſcellaneous drollery, illuſtrated with maſterly pen & ink ſketches, coloured plates, head & tail pieces, &c. Of Mr. Crawhall it may be ſaid he has created crown jewels for the libraries of the future. There can be no queſtion that his books will give riſe to eager competition in the auction rooms of half-a-century hence."—From the *Bibliotheca Piſcatoria*.

'NEWCASTLE FISHERS' GARLANDS,' Edited by Joseph Crawhall, 1864.

"No greater contraſt to the poliſhed diction of Gay can be imagined than the angling ballads which have been ſo taſtefully collected by Mr. Crawhall."—*Quarterly Review.*

"Theſe 'Garlands' are the delight of every angler."—*Angling Literature in England*, by Osmund Lambert, 1881.

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